Sellafield to explode tomorrow: Proof inside

NOVEMBER '02
ISSUE NO 19

The Slate

FREE AS FUCK

ALSO INSIDE:
CHARITY DISASTERS

OTHER DUBLINS

JOHN LESLIE GETTING RAPED

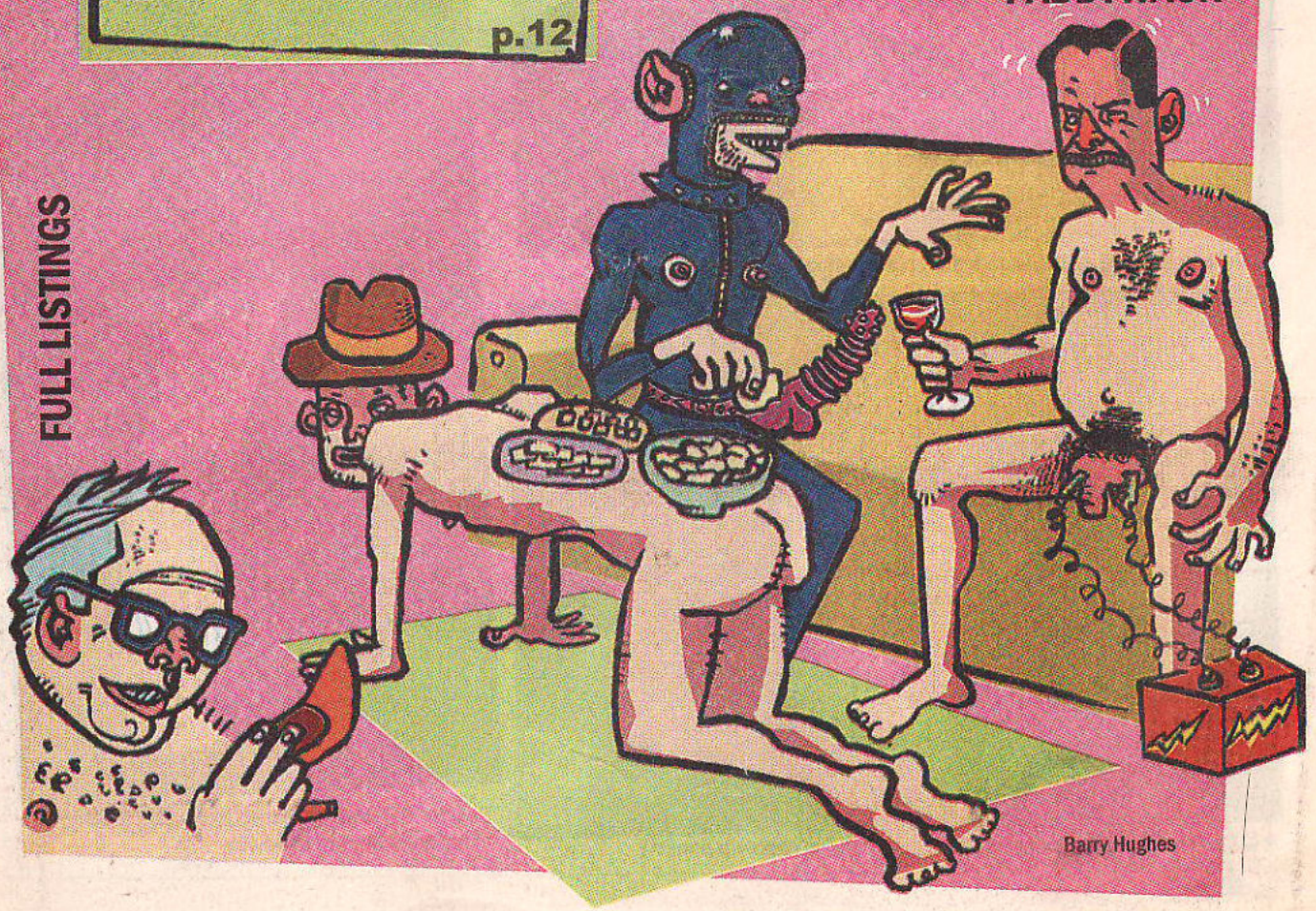
KNICK KNACK PADDYWACK

It's the Fetish Freaks of Dublin

p.12

Yeah Baby!

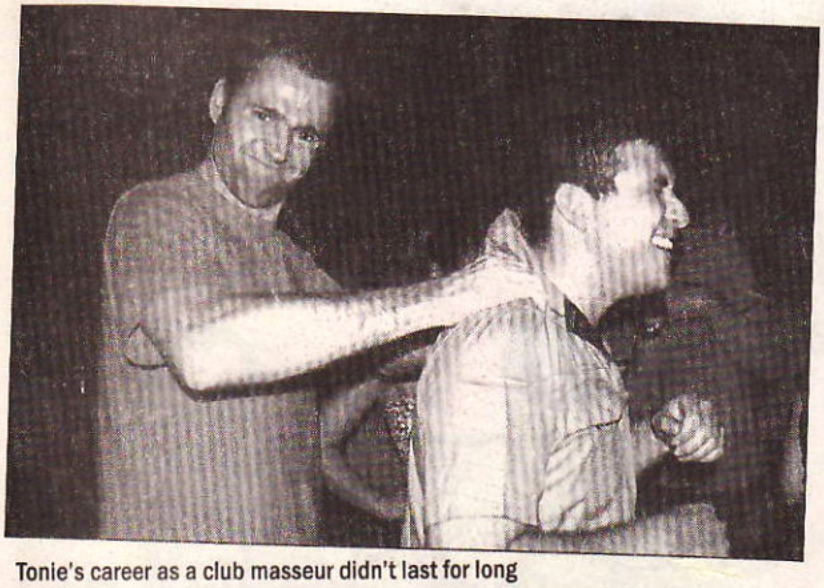
FULL LISTINGS



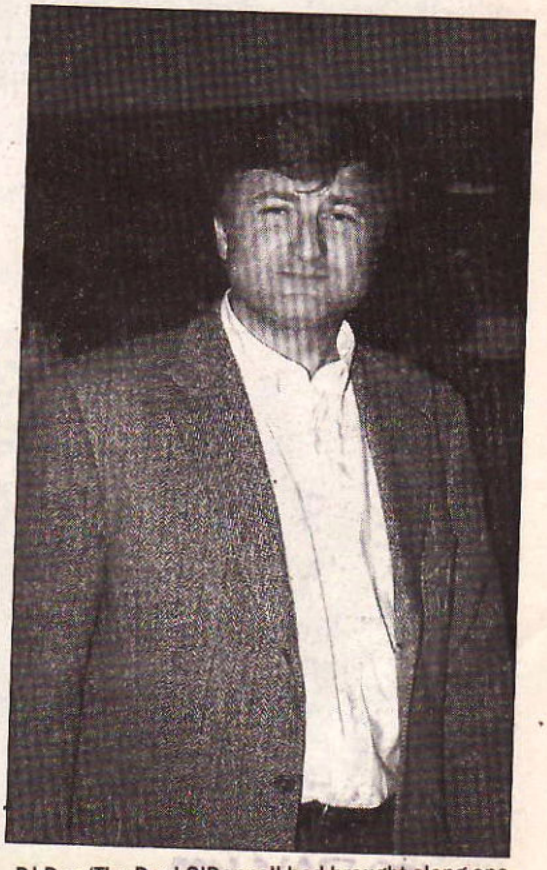
Barry Hughes

Paul always got naked far too early

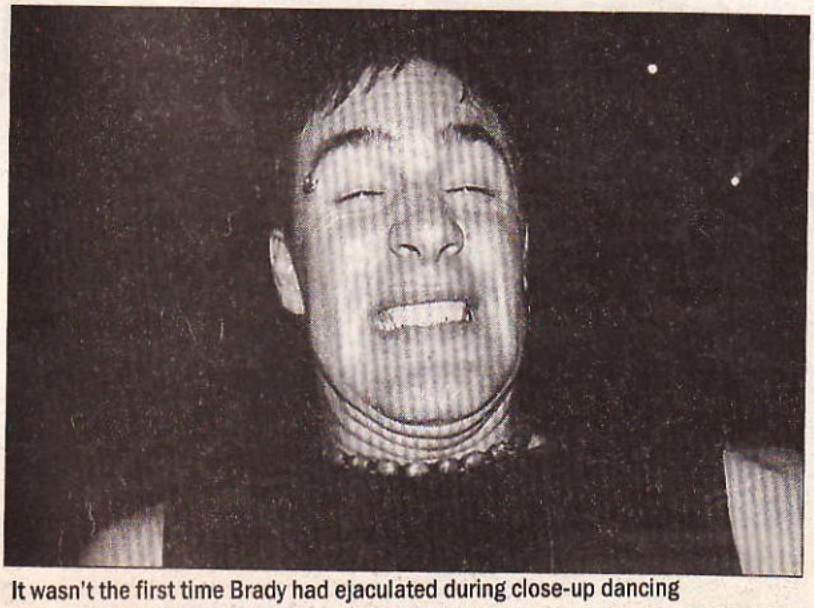
The 'dance fundamentalists' became notorious for going to clubs and registering their disgust by shitting on the floor



Tonie's career as a club masseur didn't last for long



DJ Dan 'The Don' O'Donnell had brought along one of his homeboys to the disco



It wasn't the first time Brady had ejaculated during close-up dancing

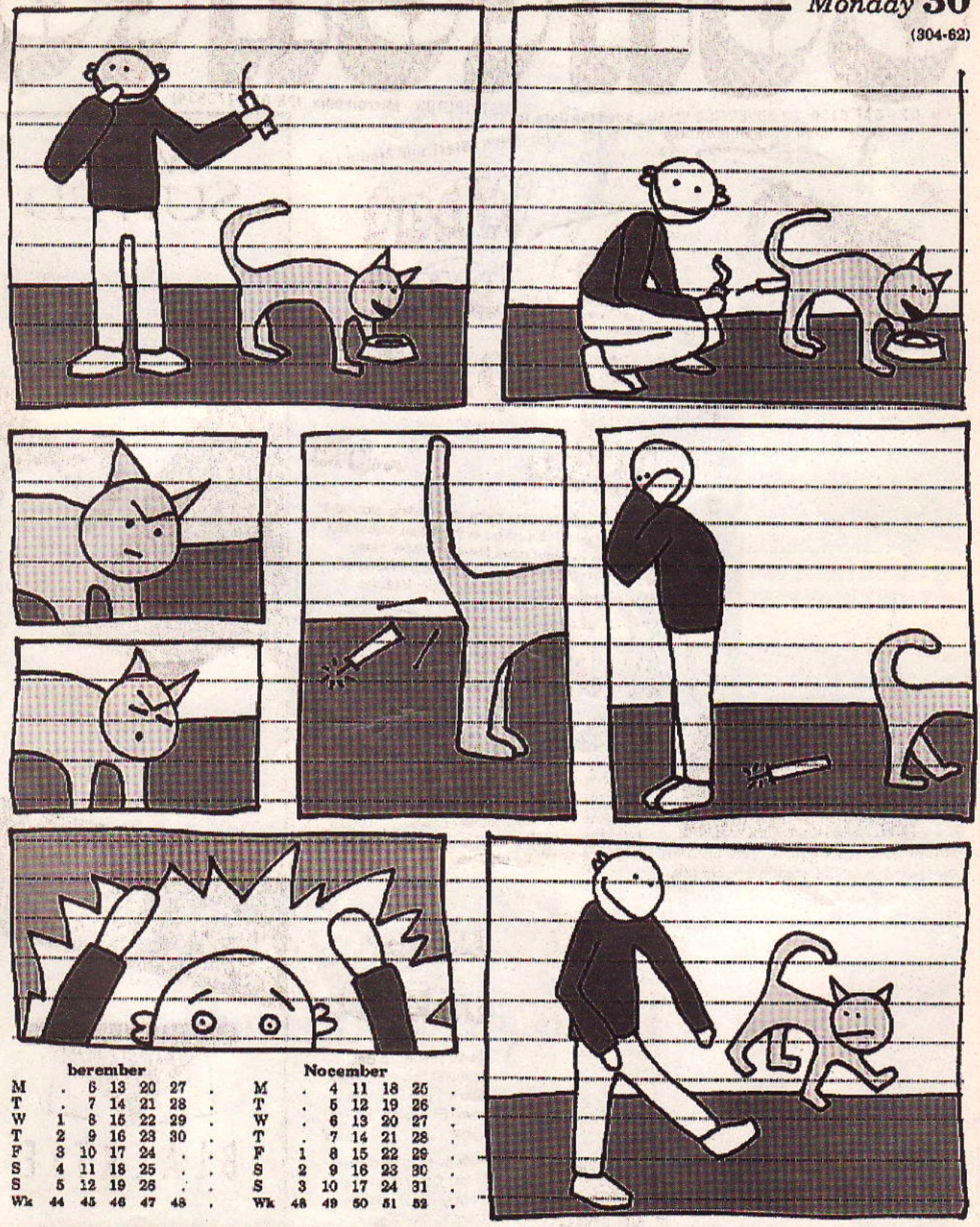
kick the cat

gavin beattie

WEEK 44

Monday **30**

(304-62)



	berember							**November**					
M	.	6	13	20	27	.	M	.	4	11	18	25	.
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F	3	10	17	24	.	.	F	1	8	15	22	29	.
S	4	11	18	25	.	.	S	2	9	16	23	30	.
S	5	12	19	26	.	.	S	3	10	17	24	31	.
Wk	44	45	46	47	48	.	Wk	48	49	50	51	52	.

Kick the Cat appears courtesy of Big If Publications who publish Toenail Clippings, the best comic in the world ever, coincidentally, they are also responsible for the best website in the world ever: **www.bigifpublications.com** where Kick the Cat appears on a weekly basis, imagine that. Kick the Cat t-shirts will be available from the website soon, as well as from the usual haunts: Tower, Secret Book & Record Shop, Forbidden Planet...

NOVEMBER 2002

Contents

PH: 01 - 677 6150 TO ADVERTISE EMAIL: ads@theslate.ie DISTRIBUTOR: Micromedia (PH 01 6773834)
EDITOR: Dr Desmond Connell (editor@[illegible].ie) PUBLISHER: Blackhole Media Ltd.

Martin knew that when he lifted his arms the ladies would all want to lick his pits.

What ever you're into ...p12

Fists up asses, shitting paint, and rolling around in baths full of jelly - it's all go in the fetish clubs. But where are they, who goes there and how many deaths take place in the average hour? None of this is revealed in our sex-free fetish feature.

A do-gooders' disaster ...p16

Our interesting feature reveals that donating all your old clothes to charity may actually be helping to destroy Third World economies. Your better off just pushing them under your bed and leaving them there until you move house.

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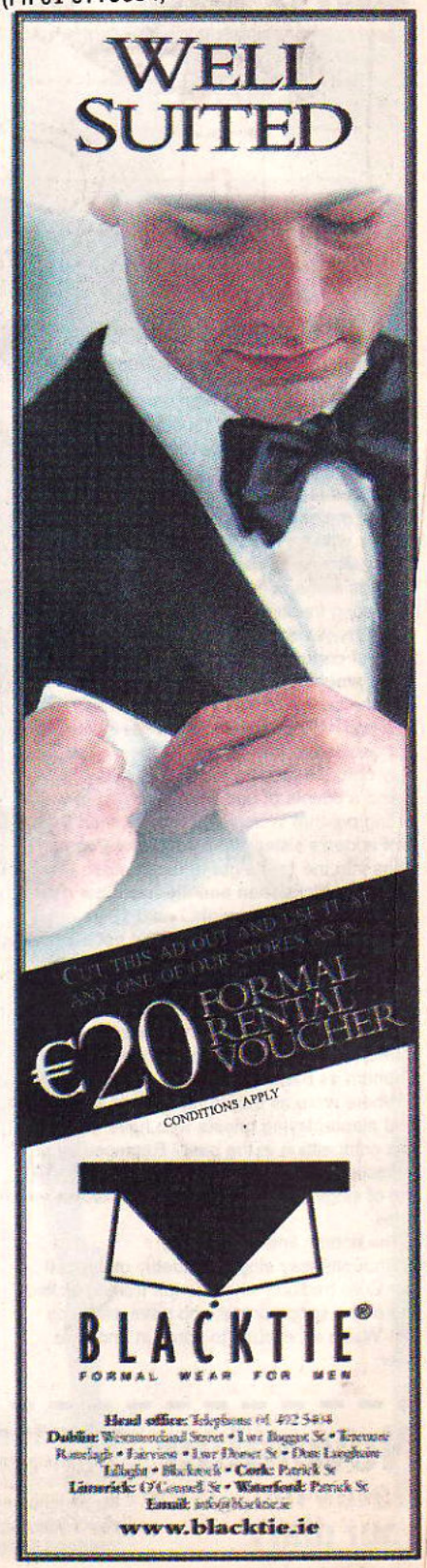
Look at all this great shit

Other shiznit:

News roundup Bad news. Some yuppie jazz club is opening up in town. Firebomb the place! **p.07**

How to have a dismal Debs Don't miss our great guide if you are about to make your debut in society! **p.09**

Other Dublins We go undercover to some places that are masquerading as our great city **p.10**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Fat Louis wrecks our Euro bid

I'm addicted to being an asshole

THE GAA'S ban on foreign games was shamefully ditched last month when a completely outlandish competition was allowed to take place in Croke Park. A nasty crowd of ambitious teenagers turned up to play You're a Star, the shit new gameshow which will decide who represents Ireland in the Eurovision next year.

It was some consolation to see that the old Eurosong traditions die hard, though, with talent nowhere to be seen, and bitter allegations of corruption and preferential treatment flying around the GAA's hallowed turf.

At the centre of it all was Louis Walsh, who had originally promised not to get involved, but decided to turn up anyway and force his way onto the judging panel.

And a couple of bad loser youngsters were giving out that Walsh had shoe-horned Bryan McFadden's sister and a couple of Popstars nobs into the final eight of the contest.

"Maybe McFadden and the two other guys should be in the last eight," said 17-year-old Pearl Hughes from Tallaght. "But not like this, not in this manner."

Also into the last eight were Mark and Shane, two dickheads from a Balbriggan boyband called Shade (who started out their career on a bad note by appointing Mikey Graham as band manager).

Where were all the drunk cabaret singers and piano-playing priests who have graced this competition in the past? Replaced by a collection of sunbed-crazy teenagers fresh out of singing schools and showbiz academies.

The bottom line is that Gary O'Shaughnessy single-handedly destroyed our Euro tradition when he got Ireland kicked out of the song contest and gave assholes like Walsh an excuse to come in and take over.

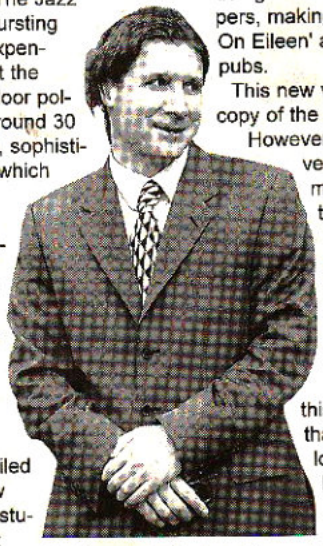
Jaded Jazz club for declining D2 street

Another gathering place for morons is being planned in our beleaguered city

GREAT NEWS for Dublin. Along with all the racially motivated murders, roving mobs of children robbing mobile phones and a climate which makes the north pole seem like the Costa del Sol, we will now have to contend with a 'Jazz Café', that is set to open off Georges St., Dublin 2.

This will come as a relief to yuppies everywhere, who up until now have had to mix with commoners in bars like the Globe and Sosume on Georges St. The Jazz Café should have them bursting with excitement in their expensive, tight-fitting clothes at the prospect of an over 25s door policy, drinks that will cost around 30 euro a pop and of course, sophisticated background music which they can all ignore while they get roaring drunk.

This disgusting development can be blamed on John Reynolds, owner of the Pod / Redbox on Harcourt St. and nephew of former Taoiseach Albert Reynolds. He is the man responsible for Spy and Wax in the Powerscourt Centre, a failed poser hangout which now has to resort to letting in students and ravers to meet the bills. With this move, Reynolds is showing his intent to buy all of Dublin and turning it into some kind of second-rate imitation of Soho, London. However, he is forgetting that all Dublin people enjoy doing is reading about rape in the newspapers, making racist jokes and hearing 'Come On Eileen' at top volume in tacky super pubs.



Redbox boss Johnny Reynolds

This new venture is said to be an exact copy of the Jazz Café in dreadful London.

However, while the Vince Power owned venue in Sasannach has a decent music policy, that is unlikely to be the case over here. Dubliners are not noted for their love of Jazz, preferring instead to congregate in superpubs where the latest chart hits blast out of the speakers and there's a good chance of a fight.

Reynolds has been trying to turn this space into a pub for years, but thanks to the valiant efforts of some local businesses his efforts have been thwarted - up to now.

Building is set to begin in January, but no opening date was available at time of going to press.

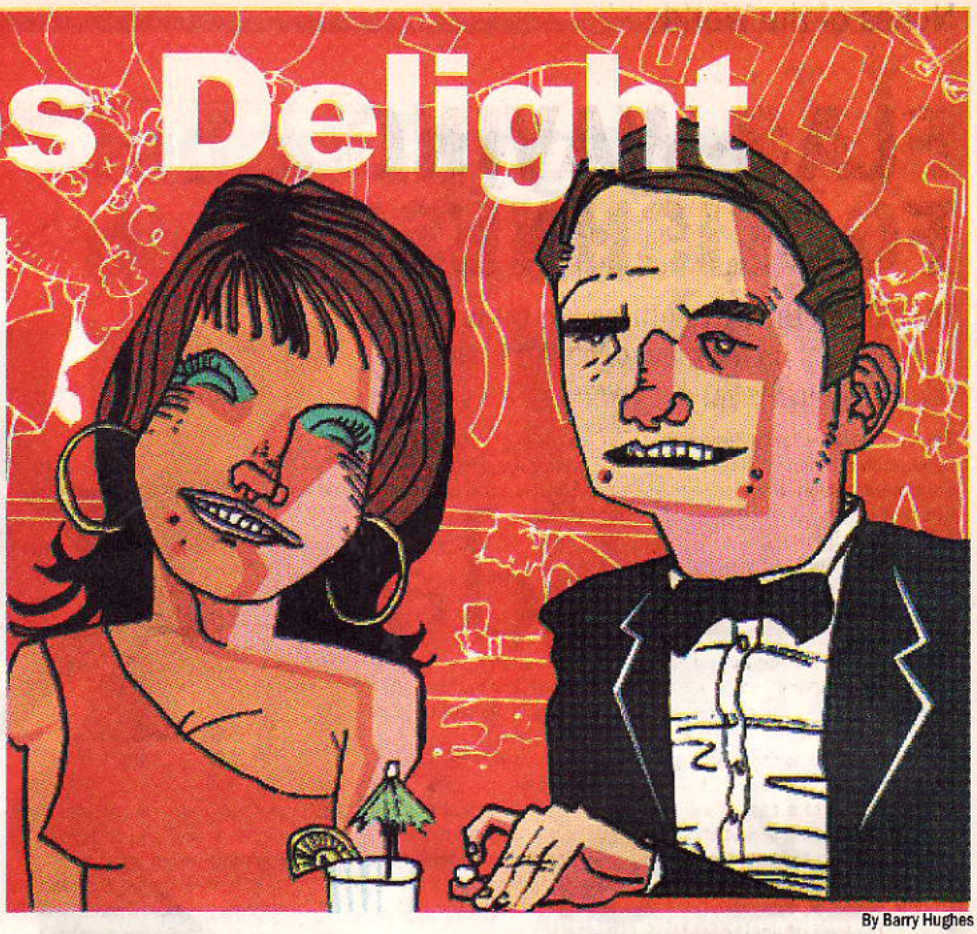
November
Dates for your diary

Sat 2nd
The Dublin Underground Film Festival (DUFF) are showing David Malocco's Magdelene and John Cotter's horror spoof Strangers in the Night in The Voodoo Lounge on Arran Quay

Sun 10th - Sun 17th
The langers down in Cork are holding an Arts Festival

Fri 22nd
Santa's Kingdom in Goff's opens. MCD boss Dennis Desmond is involved.

Debs Delight



By Barry Hughes

Nosferatu himself couldn't come up with a worse punishment than the average debs

AS THE Debs season nears its close, it is only fitting to pay tribute to this formative experience in the lives of our young people. This ceremony marks the graduation of paisti na hEireann from the sadistic, immoral schooling period to the embittering and corrupt adult phase.

Before we go any further, we must not forget the glorious Irish education system, the best there is in the world. Whereas yankee kids go around shooting each other and listening to Marylin Mason, and the Brits are too thick to learn anything except how to spot when David Beckham gets a new hairstyle, we turn out thousands of right-thinking young people every year. In school, our children tirelessly devote themselves to singling out the weak and the unusual among their number and conducting spectacular acts of cruelty and humiliation upon them. Organised violence in the schoolyard is de rigeur, and most teachers are too busy trying to procure morphine in order to fend off nervous breakdowns to bother intervening.

In the final couple of years comes the Leaving Certificate, a brutal experiment which puts Nazi torture camps to shame. The chief aim of it seems to be to encourage our youth to learn vast quantities of knowledge without understanding any of it, leaving them ready to get a crap pointless job and drink themselves to death.

In celebration of this educational triumph, the Debs is held. Most schools refuse to have anything to do with them, mostly because they don't want to have to deal with the repercussions of wrecked hotel bars, unwanted pregnancies and alcohol poisoning. Usually the biggest knob in the year will undertake the job of organising the event, and only the most desperate of venues are ever willing to take them on. For those who were too out of it to remember what happened at their Debs, or spent the whole evening arguing with their date outside in the carpark, here is a fond reminder of how the night usually goes.

Let the fun and games begin

PREPARATION

LIKE ALL great events, the run up to the Debs is nearly the most fun part. The girls model themselves on the great Geri Halliwell by going on anorexia binges and dragging their parents around shops, appalling them by chosing sluttish dresses that cost a million Euro. There will be great competition for the most handsome dickhead in the local boys' school, who will usually turn out to be a janitor or rapist in later life. Great time and effort will be put in by an expensive hair-stylist who will make the girl in question look like a pineapple.

We'll swap these birds later on, roight.

On the far side of the fence, the lads will be doing their utmost to sabotage the night by planning to behave like baboons on ketamin. Each will attempt to-out do each other in the infidelity stakes, and great boasting will be done by the young man who manages to find the cheapest rental tuxedo.

THE NIGHT ITSELF

There are two ways the night usually goes. The first, more unlikely one is that the debutant in question is one of the tiny percentage of Irish school children who is not experienced in the arena of hard-drinking. Their night will end after an hour or so when their date blackmails them into imbibing some straight vodka and they have to be ferried off to hospital before reaching the hotel. For the rest of the kids the following pattern is usual:

1) Anxious visit paid by the host to the invitees house. Asshole boys will rent a tacky sports car or limousine to collect whatever miscreant they have invited along. Parents of female will eye male suitor suspiciously and assess the likelihood of their daughter coming home pregnant.

2) Rival social groups will assemble in various homes houses. Mafia-style violence may be planned for later on.

3) Parents mingle, lying about how nice they think each others offspring are, as the Debutantes fill themselves with alcopops and whiskey.

4) Local paedophile drives the kids to the hotel in a minibus.

5) Sit-down dinner which will consist of beef stroganoff or stale fish.

6) Rest of the night will be a drunken haze, with much rowing, crying and vomiting. Opportunistic teachers will try to score some pupils.

7) Horrified parents collect their little savages and bring them home.

FLAG-WAVING FOOLISHNESS

Thank God the City Fathers are there to step in and protect us from anyone who tries to terrorise our visual environment

There were very few differences between last month's Nice referendum campaign and the previous one which got the wrong result. More money and effort was put into the lying process this time around, with the consequence that a greater number of people turned up at the polling stations and pretended to have some idea what they were voting for.

Another thing that distinguished this campaign was the spat that broke out when builder Mick Wallace slapped a banner up bang in the middle of Dublin which read: No to Nice, No to War, No to American Terrorism - People before Profits. Needless to say, this kind of unsanitised and offensive sloganeering didn't quite fit in with a campaign that was meant to be based around blandness and misinformation, so the powers that be moved swiftly to stamp it out.

The boys that were chosen to do the dirty work were Dublin City Council (aka the Corpo) who just happen to be one of Wallace's biggest customers. They started shouting about serious breach of planning permission and how this banner was an 'eyesore' on a listed building.

A legal wrangle ensued, which Wallace won by proving that he had the right to display a political message during the run up to an election or referendum.

But the strange thing about the whole affair was that the Council, who obviously spend all day and night holed up in their offices trying to think of new ways to make Dublin shit, didn't seem to realise that every building site in Dublin seems to have a big dirty ad hanging off its scaffolding at the moment.

Not to mention the fact that those greedy shitehawks in IBEC had draped a ginormous Vote Yes banner (about twice the size of Wallace's effort) all over their building on Baggot St.

Come to think of it, they didn't get all hot and bothered when VIP magazine hung an ugly ribbon wishing themselves a happy second birthday out their window for a good six months after this unfortunate anniversary had actually passed.

This is probably because, despite the Council's hypocritical protestations about planning permission and other irrelevant parts of the law, these eyesores have long become a completely accepted part of the Dublin landscape.

In fact, only a few months earlier, Wallace himself had draped ads advertising Guinness and Vodafone in the exact same spot as the heinous Nice banner.

What a rag

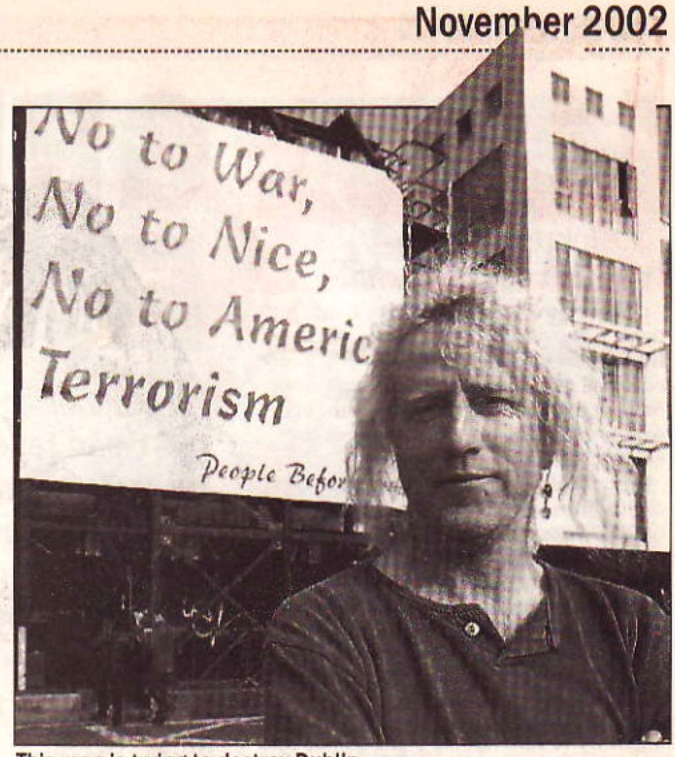
Needless to say, nobody said boo to him when these nice corporate curtains where concealing his construction site.

A Sunday Business Post article last year proclaimed triumphantly that "Ireland's building boom has created a whole new advertising medium - the large format digital message draped from scaffolding. Ugly construction sites can not only be hidden, but also turned into giant hoardings."

Great - ugly construction sites concealed by even uglier advertisements.

Instead of moving swiftly to put an end to this corporate pollution, our business-friendly City Council stuck their heads up their arses and pretended there was nothing going on. It was generally accepted amongst advertisers that, by the time anyone got around to complaining about you breaking planning laws, your campaign would be long over and you could just laugh the whole thing off (Vodafone were so confident in this they splashed out €200,000 on one of these campaigns).

In summary, the Council have shown themselves to be a shower of hypocrite dickheads who's main concern is that rich people get to do whatever they like in our city. Bravo.



This man is trying to destroy Dublin

Tabloid Watch

Last month, The News of the World suddenly remembered that they have to pretend to have some kind of morality every now and then, and flew into a rage when Stan Collymore's lawyer rang them up with a sex-video of Ulrika Jonsson for sale.

Conveniently forgetting that these kinds of deals are the norm in the heroic world of tabloid journalism, they were appalled that somebody would think of ringing up a tabloid paper such as the NOTW and try to sell nude images of a celebrity.

HOW DARE THEY!

"How Colly's sickening lawyer tried to sell Ulrika sex video," they blasted, appalled at the notion that somebody might try to turn "Ulrika's sex games into a worldwide peep show". This

kind of thing is strictly not on in the NOTW - that's why they advertised the story on their front page with the headline 'Ulrika in porn video shock' alongside a picture of poor Ulrika with her tits out. Just to prove that profiting from the ditzy Swede's private life was for vicious thugs like Collymore, they devoted a whole spread inside to the story, with plenty of juicy details about what she was getting up to in the video.

'NAKED AND DISGUSTING'

Luckily they didn't have to spend a penny on the story either. The NOTW maintained that they had 'no intention of buying the video', but seeing as the Collymore camp were looking for up to 2 million for it this is hardly surprising.

Also, in an effort to underline the Paddy-nature of the paper, they kept claiming that Colly's lawyer rang up the Irish News of the World in Dublin to make his sales pitch, a bizarre and blatantly untrue declaration that even the most dim-witted NOTW reader must have been suspicious of.

JOIN OUR MAILING LIST

Every week or so we mail people ideas we're thinking about putting in the magazine and they get back with suggestions etc. Anybody can join, so get your holes in action by sending an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

GREETINGS FROM DUBLIN

The Slate welcomes you to an 87-part series which will commemorate the greatness of our city by looking at other places called Dublin and seeing how they measure up to this Liffey-side paradise of ours.

First up is Dublin Township - a small yankee place in the arse-end of Georgia.

IT'S IMPORTANT to state that residents of Dublin township are mighty proud of their links to our great city. This is most evident in the behaviour of organisations like the Shamrock Road Riders, a group of middle-aged Hells Angels who whizz around Georgia on motorbikes, waving the tricolour as they run over any negroes who get in their way.

The Shamrocks also celebrate St. Patrick's Day with an event called the Irish Getaway. It is unclear what exactly happens at this, but from the pictures it looks like a lot of people with Joe Duffy beards putting on 3 foot high green hats and eating dog food out of tin trays.

According to the organisers, the last Getaway was "a tremendous success!" thanks to the fact that it was attended by "500-550 of the finest people anywhere...We gave away 323 door-prizes, and one lucky attendee walked away with $483.00 in cash."

These chaps are part of a wider organisation called the Christian Motorcyclists Association, who are proud to proclaim that they are "riding for the Son".

In fact, Dublin, Georgia is a great place to go if you are looking for a bit of religion. The community message board is full of calls for the Constitution to be replaced by the 10 Commandments, and school text books to be incinerated so that the bible can take their place.

Welcome to the party

As Deep South rednecks, most of these Dubliners would have an immediate sympathy with our hostility to blacks and other mongrel races.

One of their local heroes is baseball great Johnny Rocker. Like most Southerners, this man is proud of where he's from - and he's not afraid to reinforce this view by criticising other places. Johnny wouldn't like to live in New York, he once told a newspaper reporter, because you have to go around on the subway "next to some queer with Aids." But that's not the half of it. "The biggest thing I don't like are the foreigners," he continues. "You can walk an entire block in Times Square and not hear anyone speaking English. How the hell did they get into this country?" Just in case anyone hadn't got the message, Rocker also added that one of his black team mates was a "fat monkey."

These comments went down so well that heavy metal group Twisted Sister got on the phone to Rocker's team, the Atlanta Braves, and demanded that they stop using I Wanna Rock (an old song of their's) whenever Rocker came out to pitch. Needless to say, this kind of reaction only made Rocker even more of a hero with the inbreds around Middle Georgia.

In summary, it's high time a delegation from Dublin, Ireland was sent over to Georgia so that these fine people can teach us how to run our city properly.

By the way, on other U.S-related matters, if you feel like sending off an insulting email to George Bush, his address is president@whitehouse.gov.

Sellout Special

Hotpress has proven that it is the finest Irish magazine since the days of Finn McCool

Everybody knows that when it comes to decent coverage of popular music in Ireland, there's more information to be found in the Farmer's Journal than boring old-man's magazine Hotpress. But alongside all the articles about dead Irish rock musicians, the sex-chat-line ads and the egotistical journalists waffling on about themselves, The Slate has spotted a new trend which proves beyond all doubt that the HP gang are also a corrupt bunch of fuckers.

Over the last couple of months, a groundbreaking series or articles has appeared in Hot Press. These quality pieces of journalism single out shit parts of the country - Limerick and The Northside being two examples - and inform the unfortunate readers what great places they are.

Interestingly, almost all the businesses mentioned in these suspiciously bland articles have also taken sexy adverts with HP.

Like, for example, Dolan's Warehouse, which is "the live music venue" in Limerick, and has "an excellent name on the music scene" - not to mention an ad just across the page from these compliments.

Similarly, the Old Quarter pub and the University Concert Hall get substantial positive write-ups thanks, no doubt, to their willingness to part with some cash for an advertisement.

Basically, if you throw the Hotpress crew enough filthy lucre, they'll say the right thing about you. This is a truly great service to provide to your readership, and brings to mind HP's self-confessed "thorough commitment to giving space to quality journalism - stuff that's sharp, smart, witty, informed - and above all well-written".

But lest editor Niall Stokes plays the Bertie Ahern card and pretends he doesn't know what terrible things have been going on, The Slate can inform readers that he descends from his ivory tower every now and then to personally oversee the selling out of the magazine.

All of this makes Stokes' sermonising from the pulpit particularly impressive, especially on the subject of people in positions of power taking cash in exchange for favours.

"There is no excuse whatsoever for soliciting or accepted bribes," he righteously proclaimed in April 2002, referring to corruption in the planning process in Dublin.

Nothing wrong, though, with taking a few quid to bullshit your readers into thinking that somewhere is any good.

Far out dudes

Niall Stokes and some of his radical pals

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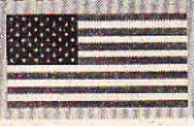
Sat 23rd
11th record and music fair takes place in Dun Laoghaire Gresham Royal Marine Hotel.

Tue 26th
From a Whisper to a Scream, a TV show about successful Irish pop musicians - ie Bono, The Cranberries, Thin Lizzy, etc. is showing on RTE 1.

Thurs 28th
Thanksgiving Day for the great and righteous Yanks



Thurs 28th
Oh la la! The Cinefrance Festival is being held in the IFC in Eustace, Temple bar. Allez!

GAGGING FO

Where do you go if you just want to see someone pulling rosary beads out of their arse? A fetish club maybe - but where would you find something like that?

Now that the dance-music scene is firmly lodged in Dublin's mainstream culture, only the most leftfield areas of human social behaviour manage to evade the radar of newspapers and television. Raves received a beating in the tabloids during the mid-90s, with the movement being branded a druggy disgrace by the whole country. Soon, though everyone forgot about how entirely evil dance music was, purpose-built nightclubs were built, and now 2FM plays dance music all weekend and the Sunday World has pages and pages devoted to shit clubbing.

One scene which has managed to remain at a safe distance from all of this, apart from the odd 'expose' is the fetish club underground. Although in some of Ireland's first gay clubs there were leather and denim themed nights, there wasn't the same element of people indulging their sexual fantasies in unsuspecting material objects or non-sexual parts of the body which is the necessary part of any proper fetish club

The first time that anybody decided to run a reasonably organised fetish club was in Columbia Mills, a former gangster hangout a good way down the southside quays towards Ringsend. The fact that this was a few short years ago - 1996 - tells you what a great and forward-thinking country Ireland is. In order to ensure that they got the right crowd, the Gag promoters had a strict door policy - everyone had to dress up, and the weirder they were the better. Tonie Walsh, one of the organisers, recalls: "We used to stand at the door and vet people who weren't making an effort," says Walsh. "We wanted people to observe certain basic etiquette when coming into the place. If you wanted to come in and gawk, that was your own business, but you had to dress up, or down, or whatever. We pushed the fetish code."

This stringent procedure meant that punters were given a place where they could dress how they pleased without being stared at like they were Elvis Presley back from the dead. Given the effort that was put into some of the costumes, there were clearly plenty of Irish people into the idea of indulging their various fetishes in front of strangers. "I was DJing in the basement," continues Walsh. "I saw this couple - he was very patrician, in his 60s, and the only thing he was wearing was shoes, stockings and really expensive French knickers and suspenders. And he was with his wife or girlfriend or mistress and it struck me that I've never seen two people looking so relaxed and unselfconscious."

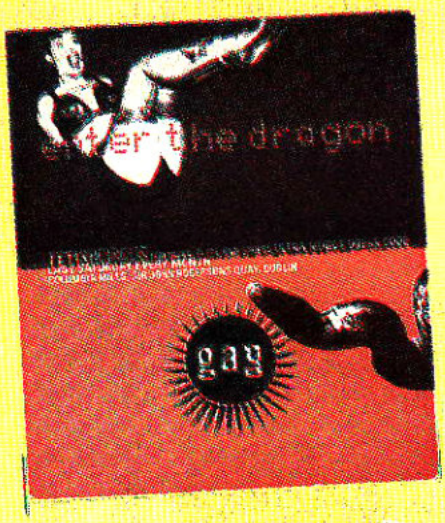
But it wasn't everyone just standing around complimenting each other on their underwear. "There was no conscious effort to turn it into a sex thing," claims Walsh. "That just happened by the by." Some pretty bizarre things went on at gag, as people went to great lengths to get their kicks. "It was very dark, with a lot of men and grope boxes," remembers one punter. Shows are often the centrepieces of Fetish nights, and the Gag ones often involved Miss Panti, a well-known Dublin transvestite pulling all kinds of materials, beads and other things out of her arsehole.

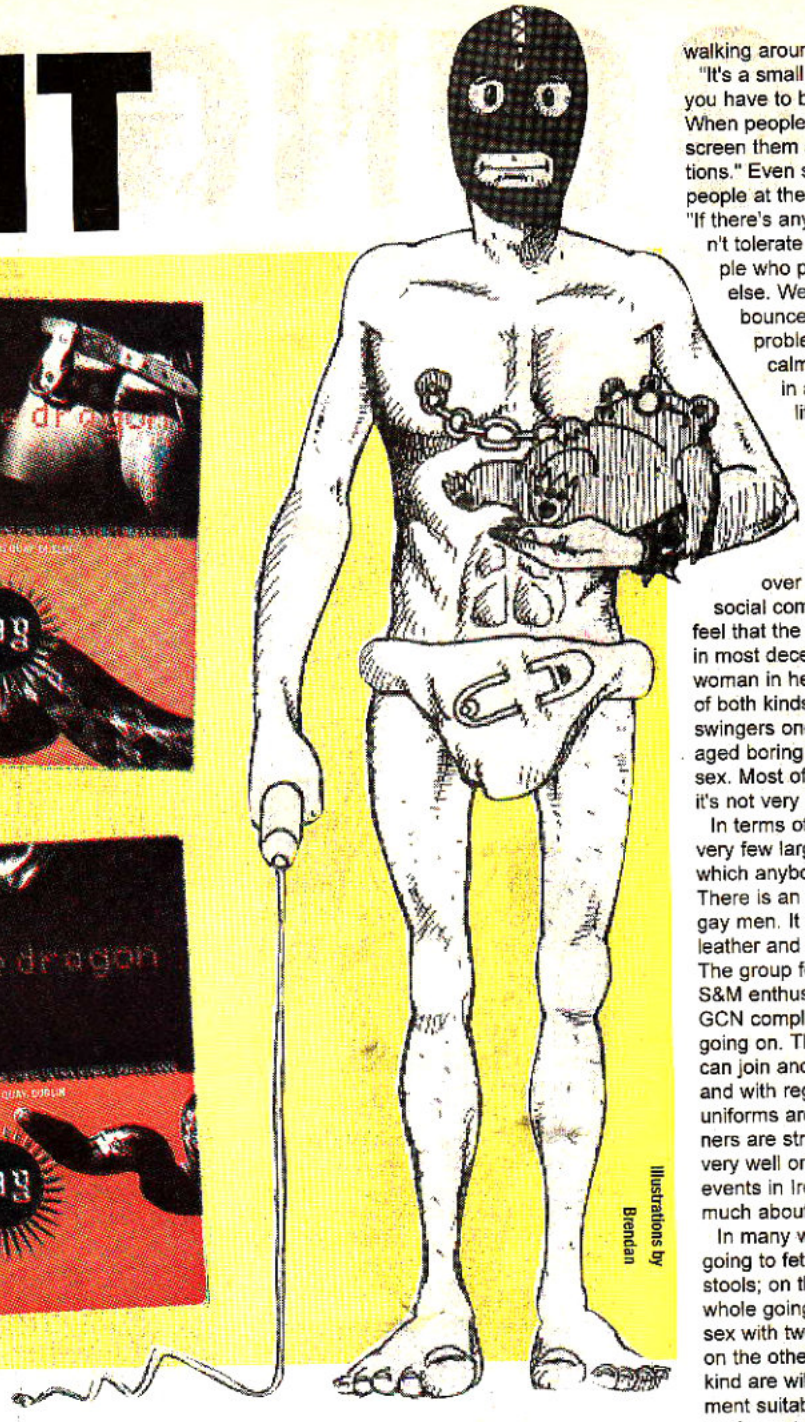
Fetish: Something, such as a material object or a nonsexual part of the body, that arouses sexual desire and may become necessary for sexual gratification.

Walsh recalls the most extreme thing he ever witnessed at Gag. "We had a sling suspended in the corner which anybody could use. There were two gay boys there one night, one in the harness and the other with his arm right up the other guy's hole. My friend who was with me was shocked, but I tried to be really blasé about it and say 'oh, all in a night's work' but it was one of the more hardcore things that happened there."

Despite all this madness, Gag was quite heavily publicised with fliers (see wherever) and consequently, the longer it went on, the more trouble the organisers got into. Eventually they decided enough was enough after a year. 'What really closed it was our

R IT





Illustrations by Brendan

naivety in publicising something that really should have been kept as underground as possible." Walsh says. "We got a lot of flak from religious fundamentalists like SPUC, whinging in the newspapers, and on the blower to the cops. There was one paper that had a headline which read 'RTE star in Dublin sex orgy circus'. It was completely spurious. There was an unconfirmed rumour that an RTE personality had showed up at a 'gay, swinger fetish night in some seedy venue down in the Dublin docks.'"

Since Gag, anybody with an interest in organising Fetish parties has had the good sense not to be throwing fliers of semi-naked people around town. Nonetheless, even though everybody knows that these things have to be kept reasonably hush hush, there are still a number of difficulties facing organisers. The primary one is finding a venue. People are generally fairly unwilling to invite large numbers of strangers into their houses for fetish nights. When gatherings do take place in the home, they generally involve people who know each other very well and are often more swingers parties -people who meet up to more or less straight up group sex - than fetish parties. There are other reasons why fetish parties don't happen in people's houses. "If a place is too small, there's nowhere to run, and if you're not happy with the people you're dealing with then ..."

Karl, who has organised fetish parties in the past, explains the problems he's come up against. "The difficulty is getting a location. A lot of the time when you run a fetish night in a regular night club, the club don't strictly enforce the dress code because they're more interested in getting people in the door than anything else." When you can't have a proper door policy, your fetish club is pretty fucked: you'll get lots of people in normal clothes walking around staring and looking frightened.

"It's a small community," continues Karl "and you have to be fairly careful who you let in. When people are ringing up, we have to screen them and ask them a couple of questions." Even so, there can be problems when people at the parties start to go a bit too far. "If there's anything weird going on, we wouldn't tolerate that. You do sometimes get people who push themselves on to somebody else. We always have professional bouncers, and if somebody is causing a problem, we take them aside, say calm down, and if they continue, like in any other nightclub, we have to lift them out of it."

There's an important distinction to be made between fetish nights and swingers parties. Swingers parties are much more about sex than dressing up, and the crowd tends to be over the 30 mark. While there is a social component to them, some people feel that the fun, ironic element that is present in most decent fetish nights is lacking. One woman in her mid-20s who's done the rounds of both kinds of parties didn't really enjoy the swingers ones. "It's just overweight, middle aged boring people. All they have to offer is sex. Most of them are really nice people, but it's not very interesting really."

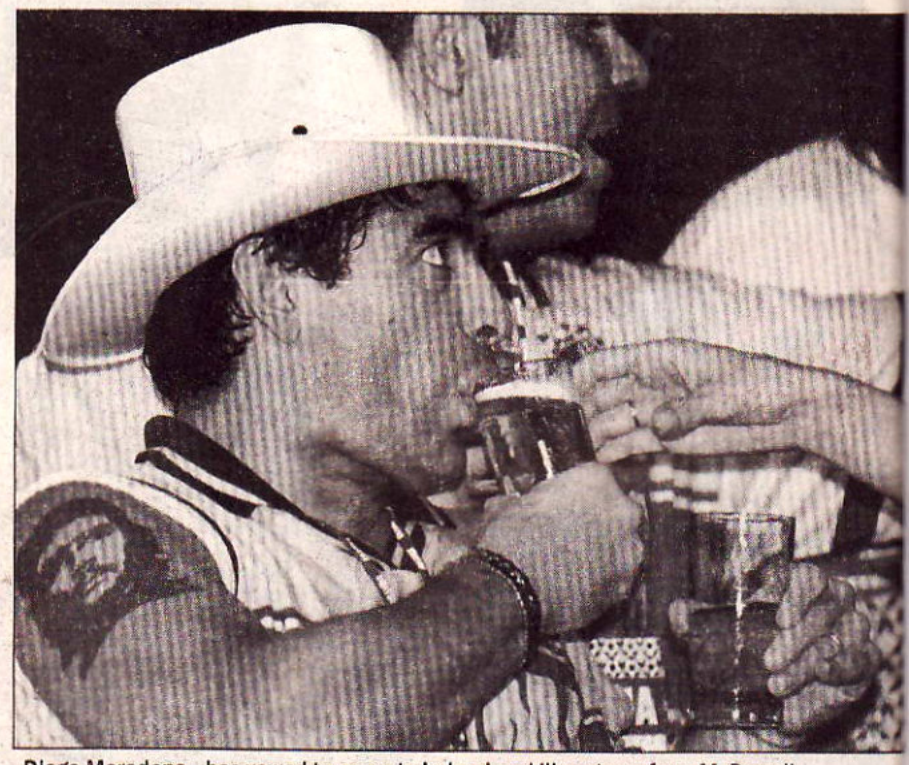
In terms of what is going on now, there are very few large scale, organised nights to which anybody with a fetish can roll on up to. There is an Irish group which caters for butch gay men. It meets once a month and has leather and denim parties quite frequently. The group formed in late 1999 after an angry S&M enthusiast wrote an open letter to the GCN complaining about the lack of parties going on. They are quite particular about who can join and what they wear: gay men only, and with regards dress, denim, leather and uniforms are fine, but fashionwear and runners are strictly out the door. There's also a very well organised BDSM group organising events in Ireland, but it's reported to be as much about the sex as the fetishes.

In many ways, people with an interest in going to fetish nights are caught between two stools; on the one hand, they're not into the whole going to somebody's house to have sex with twenty people at the same time, and on the other hand very few clubs of the right kind are willing to create the kind of environment suitable. Even if they do get going, great work must be put in to ensure proceedings don't get wrecked by gawking culchies or sex mad auld fellas and auld ones.

Niamh, a veteran of the fetish scene, laments the lack of places that it's even possible just to wear a rubber dress in, let alone anything else. "You've more chance of getting groped in a nightclub in Temple Bar than you do at a fetish club. You get more abuse walking down Dame St. A fetish club is like this sacred area where you can wear whatever the fuck you want and there'll be no hassle, you're safe." And, she feels, it's a pity. "You've all these Gothic kids coming out of themselves but there's nowhere for them to go. People need an outlet for this kind of thing, and there's none." She continues. "I go on the pride march every year, and there are guys who do the whole walk from the Garden of Rememberence to the Civic Offices in five and a half inch heels because it's the only time of the year they can do it anywhere."

Prohibitio

The Government have dastardly plans foranyone who wants to have fun during the next ten years



Diego Maradona - has vowed to come to Ireland and liberate us from McDowell

JUSTICE MINISTER Michael McDowell - who was last month involved in a ridiculous attack on The Slate - has launched yet another appalling broadside against the youth of Ireland.

His excuse this time is a set of statistics which show that Irish people increased their drink consumption by 41% between 1989 and 1999.

And, if the papers and the government are to be believed, this caused a massive upsurge in fighting, vandalism, dying from alcoholism, and numerous other enjoyable activities.

SHANDY!

During the same period, almost every other European country reduced the amount they drank.

This has allowed us to capitalise by becoming famous as the party capital of Europe.

But instead of welcoming such an encouraging development, the Irish Government - well known as the lapdogs of Europe - are desperately trying to reverse the trend and turn us into shandy-drinking Continentals who start vomiting if they even go over the drink-driving limit.

And, having for some reason abandoned the brilliant coolchoices.ie campaign, the Government has now decided to try and stop young people drinking by threatening to torture and kill them if they are seen having any fun.

Nazi-man McDowell has suggested that young people could soon be packed off to prison if they were caught being drunk.

MUMBO JUMBO

"There is no greater incentive towards good behaviour than having the issue of a possible custodial sentence deferred in order to assess the capacity of a convicted public order offender to adjust his or her social behaviour to comply with decent norms," proclaimed the Minister in the legal mumbo jumbo that he favours when communicating with the public.

And, instead of arresting publicans who charge way over the odds for their pissy products, the Minister and his lackeys are doing the opposite - threatening to shut down any pubs who put on cheap drink deals so that people don't have to stand outside the bar with cap in hand trying to drum up a few Euro for the bus home.

As described in the Irish Times last month: "Mr. McDowell said he was concerned at the 'disturbing practice' of having a cover charge for entry to a pub in conjunction with cheaper alcoholic drinks. 'It would appear that this is designed to encourage excessive alcohol consumption,' he said. Gardaí should oppose renewal of licenses where such practices existed.'"

PURITAN

After all this, Mr. McDowell had the cheek to claim that he is "not a latter-day puritan or killjoy, either in outlook or in habit."

Maybe not, Minister - if your idea of a good night consists of spending the evening playing solitaire by the fire in a pair of slippers.

Next thing we will be subjected to the kind of nonsense the Brits are talking about where - if the police see you misbehaving at night - they have the right to frog-march you off to a cash machine and demand that you hand over enough money to keep them in pints for the next couple of weeks.

The minister claims he will not revert to the Stone Age pub closing times that were in force until a couple of years ago. But the Fianna Fail parliamentary party have reportedly voted in favour of this insane strategy already, and it is surely only a matter of time before our Minister for Misery succumbs to political pressure within the Government.

Our advice to readers is: fight this politically correct madness by drinking twice as much as normal and refusing to drive unless you are completely legless. You would also be well advised to smuggle glasses and bottles out of whatever pub you are in so that they can be thrown at any Gardai or politicians who are out patrolling the streets when you are on your way home.

****

OUR MINISTER for Going-Home-Sober doesn't just want to stamp out all boozing apart from the odd sip of sherry - he's got it in for the drugs as well. McDowell's anti-narcotics strategy is particularly unreasonable. He has told Gardai to make twice as many drug arrests next year than they did this year.

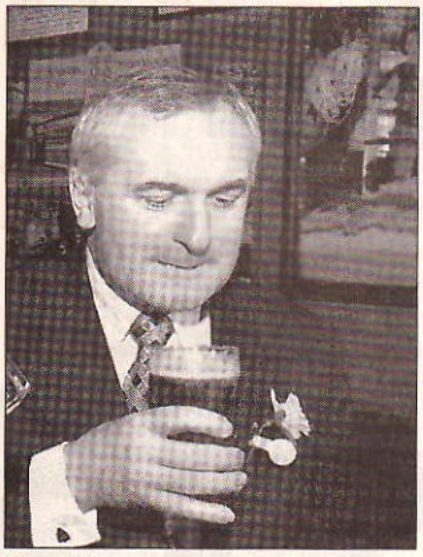
Surely, there are only two ways that this can take place. Either the Gardai are going to start jailing anyone who accidentally gets a bit of hash stuck to the bottom of their shoe, or else we, the youth, will have to help the minister achieve his target by doubling the number of drug offences we commit from now on. The Slate recommends the latter course of action.

McDowell has also made the rather stupid pledge never to even contemplate the legalisation or declassification of cannabis, a course of action which even the thick-as-planks Brits have realised is for the best.

"I am not going down the road that David Blunkett is following," announced McDowell when he was appointed. "I see a seamless garment in which so-called soft drugs like marijuana and 'E' go the whole way to hard drugs like crack cocaine and heroin. There is no prospect of softening our policy."

n Mission

Not a hope in hell



Not real beer

Minister for Staying at Home all night - Michael McDowell

BEST TO THE RESCUE

Anyone who was worried about the peace process going off track in the last few months can rest assured that Northern Ireland's most intelligent man has stepped in to make sure things get sorted out.

Footballer George Best - famous for drinking, womanising, taking drugs and hawking his boring life story around the tabloids - decided it was high time he let his important opinions be known to the public at large.

Intent on keeping himself in the limelight as long as possible until he eventually finishes dying, Best pronounced Gerry Adams to be a "liar and a charlatan." Then this staunch supporter of democracy went on to insist that the Sinn Fein leader "shouldn't be allowed to speak in public and we shouldn't be giving him the oxygen of publicity on TV, radio and in the newspapers." Fair play.

Socrates in disguise

Lord Shitetalker

"Congratulations to Saddam Hussein on getting 100 per cent of the vote. Very cool...congratulations to Prince Charles who takes his own loo paper wherever he goes. Long live the queen." Lord Henry Mountcharles, View from Slane Castle, Irish Mirror, 26 October, 2002.

Donating a disaster

It now seems that giving clothes to charity is about as helpful to the Third World as investing in landmine companies

ON THE face of it, charity shops seem like a very handy solution to the dual problem of First World guilt and not enough space in your wardrobe. The system generally works as follows:

1) One person spends a lot of money on an item of clothing that makes them look like they have three arses.

2) After a couple of insulting comments from members of the opposite sex, they decide to get rid of the new purchase as quickly as possible. But, instead of throwing it in the bin and adding to the world's waste problems, they drop it down to the local VdeP or Bosnia Aid shop.

3) Then someone else with no taste comes in. They snap up the cast-off and leave the shop, delighted with themselves, until they realise that its sole effect is to make packs of dogs run after them whenever they go outside.

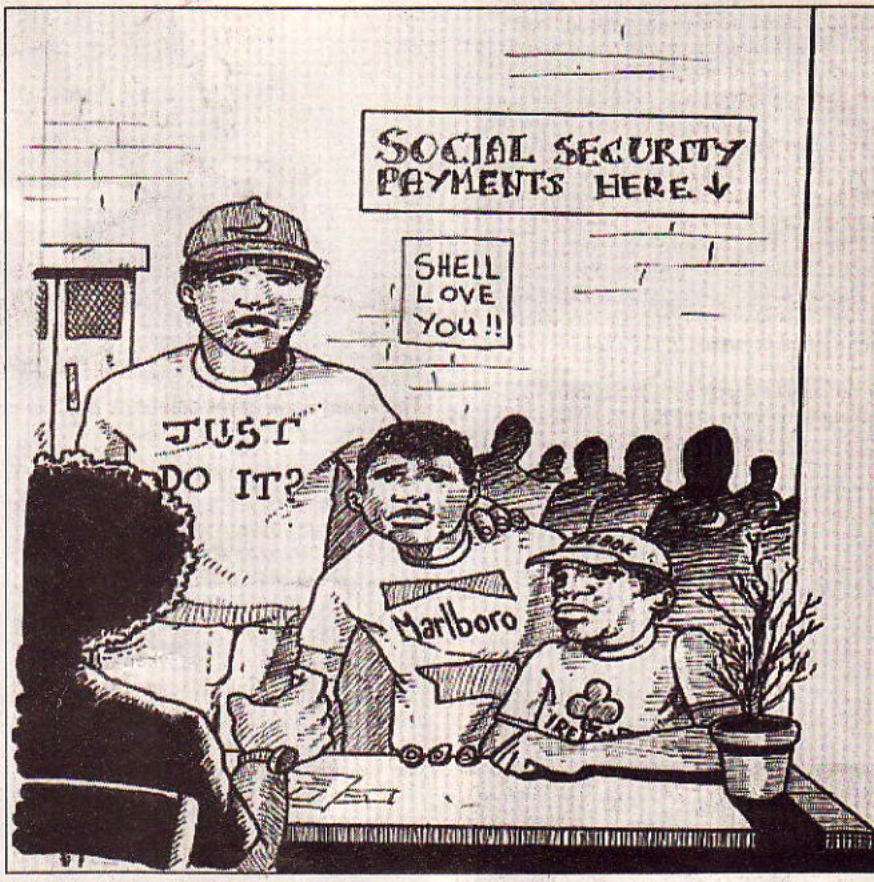
4) With any luck, the second purchaser will bring the offending article back to the charity shop and angrily throw it at the old lady behind the counter.

5) But of course the great thing about this system is that all those poor starving black people in the Third World are no doubt having a truckload of grain (or whatever it is a tenner gets you in Africa these days) delivered to their village every time this horrendous piece of clothing gets sold on.

Unfortunately, this final part of the equation isn't 100% true. In fact, a huge quantity of the clothing that is donated to charity never makes it near a second-hand store. Instead, it ends up being sold abroad, usually in much poorer countries than Ireland, with what seems to be quite a disastrous effect on local economies.

More and more places are becoming unhappy about the effect that this is having on them. Not long ago, the Kenyan government tried to ban imported cast-offs from the country, and recently deposed president Daniel arap Moi even tried to spread lying propaganda that people would catch diseases from second-hand clothes. Just last summer, Poland launched a major crackdown on the €45 million worth of used clothing that has been flowing into the country every year for almost a decade.

The reason for all this antagonistic feeling is the belief that second-hand clothes are killing off local textile industries. In many countries, where the governments are not as vigilant about it as the Poles or the Kenyans, there is almost no import tax on used clothing. This means that traders can knock the price up by 400% or 500% and still wipe the floor with whatever the local manufacturers are charging.



Flash-looking cunts on the dole

For Africa, in particular, this is a major sticking point. In the years after getting independence from their colonial overlords, many African countries made an effort to set up a range of indigenous industries. The idea was that the people would no longer be dependent on enterprises that had been set up purely for the benefit of red-faced Empire builders.

Zambia, for example, finally managed to kick the Brits out in 1964. But after 75 years as a colony, they were left with an unimpressive total of 110 college graduates, and an economy that was based almost completely on copper and cobalt mining. The government wanted to get some more industries up and running, and clothing was seen as a suitable one - mainly because it wouldn't require much money or infrastructure to get off the ground.

By the start of the 1970s, a virtually non-existent textile industry had been turned into a huge employer, with almost 85 clothing manufacturers providing jobs for more than 10,000 people.

Literacy levels, life expectancy and employment all rose substantially during the decade after Independence, and things were coming along nicely until the price of copper - Zambia's biggest export - collapsed in the mid-70s. This left the government completely bolloxed for money and they were forced to borrow from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank. As a short-term solution, these loans were a handy fix, but when the price of copper didn't rise again Zambia got into serious difficulties with its debt repayments.

Not a bother, said the IMF, as they stepped in to prescribe some 'structural adjustment programmes' - banking lingo for selling off the whole country to a few yanks with big cigars.

This process was helped along by Frederick Chiluba, who was elected president in 1991 and adopted a slash and burn approach towards protectionist import tariffs. The effect

on the second-hand clothing industry was dramatic. Because these clothes were charity donations, their value was listed as zero by customs officials, and they were completely exempted from all import taxes. Seeing as they were used clothes, there were no production costs either. This meant that importers were getting the clothing for only a little bit more than the amount it cost to transport it from the West. With a consumer group that wasn't exactly flash with the cash,

Hip hop videos also have a lot to answer for, by shamelessly promoting a completely ridiculous dress sense based around naff sports gear and clothing with brand names all over it. Edward Mansa, a trader in a Zambian flea market was recently quoted as saying that "the young people really love the clothes they see the American rappers and athletes wearing, but everyone - young and old - buys their clothes secondhand in Zambia." Locals now witness the strange phenomenon of rich European and American tourists going around their country paying top dollar for 'genuine' ethnic clothing, while most of the Zambian population does its best to dress up like Puff Daddy and the Family.

When Chiluba took over, more than 140 clothing firms were providing Zambians with 34,000 jobs. When he left office earlier this year (under a Charlie Haughey-style cloud of corruption), less than eight of these companies remained, and 30,000 jobs had disappeared.

Here in Ireland, like elsewhere, charities tend to take the pragmatic approach that selling surplus clothes on to wholesalers is the best way to raise badly needed funds for what is usually a good cause.

St. Vincent de Paul collect clothing for sale in their famous Fred's Fashions charity shops and also for distribution amongst the poor. "As well as selling the clothes, we pass them on to people with needs," says VdeP spokesman Michael Wall. "But we don't just give them second-hand clothes. We also provide new clothing and resources for housing and education. We need money for this, and people know that when they donate clothes to us, it is the same as donating money."

The World Bank boyos celebrate another crumbling African economy

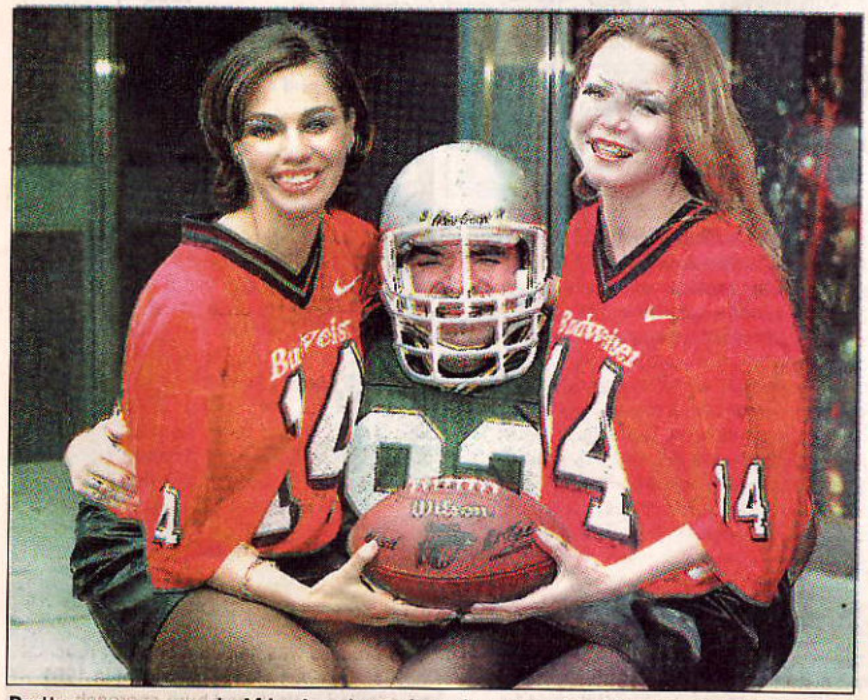
Like most charities, Vincent de Paul is given far more clothes than they can either sell in their shops or give away to the poor. In order to get the most out of these donations, the charities sell the surplus on to wholesalers and recyclers.

"A lot of it goes to England for recycling," Wall explains. "Then the heavier clothing will end up being sold on the second-hand market in Russia. Lighter items, like t-shirts and cotton clothes will usually be sent to the African and Pakistani market." The going rate for this stuff is usually around £120 sterling per ton.

Wall confirms that this system of processing clothes donations is completely par for the course in the charity business. "All the charity shops in Ireland and England operate that way," he says, and this was backed up by all of the Dublin stores we called.

The Concern shop in Crumlin offloads its extra clothing once a week to an organisation called Mrs. Quin's. This operation (their slogan is "don't bin it, Mrs. Quin it") is affiliated to the National Council for the Blind in Ireland (NCBI), and two other charity shops told us that they send their extra clothing on to an NCBI plant in Kildare. Mrs. Greene's Good as New said that they recycle about a quarter ton of clothes per week and receive €1.50 per 11.5 kilo bag. After being sorted in Kildare, the clothes are sold on to wholesalers in Birmingham and Dundalk. Other stores like the Simon Community shop and Enable Ireland confirmed that they sell their clothes on to various recycling organisations as well.

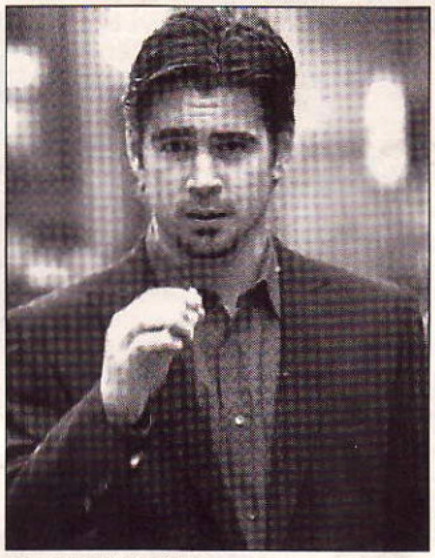
The Mrs. Quin's website explains that "all donated goods, which are not used for resale in our shops, are recycled. All recycled goods are **Continued overleaf**



Pretty soon everyone in Africa is going to be going around looking like these assholes

HOT HUNK SEX LIES SHAME

Cool Colin Farrell tries to boost his career with a rumour about how he is addicted to orgasms



I love masturbating

Colin Farrell managed to hit the headlines again last month, this time by pretending to be a sex addict. The middle-class Castleknock actor, who famously went to Hollywood and came back with a strong Dublin accent, is not content with managing to materialise anywhere where there's the slightest sniff of a photo opportunity.

Farrell recently decided to give some rather boorish accounts of his sex habits to the press. "If I want casual sex, I'll go to a Hollywood party," said the charming Dub. "Sex is fucking wonderful" continued this great thinker of our times. "It's so much fun. It doesn't get much better than than sex, regardless of how big your house is or your car is."

These unecessary revelations gave the Hollywood heart-throb a great opportunity to run around denying that he is a sex addict. "I don't want to end up on some programme saying 'I'm Colin Farrell and I'm a sex-addict,'" he added, successfully causing a deluge of Farrell-centric tabloid nonsense over the next couple of days.

Furthermore, just to prove that he is still a man of the people, Farrell then decided to make a whole load of false claims about how he actually likes to spend time with crack addicts on the streets instead of shagging models at film premieres. "The crack addicts in downtown LA haven't seen my movies. I used to invite people I met on the streets back to my hotel room to have a 'spliff' and some Jack Daniels. I told them I was a plumber on holidays. What a laugh!" What a cunt, more like.

Continued from previous page

exported to third world countries who benefit greatly from the goods we cannot use." But there is a feeling - particularly from some people in the Third World - that, in the long term, this export industry is far from beneficial.

"This is a scavenging trade, in which the dealers get their products practically free before converting them into huge profits," says Neil Kearney of the International Textile, Garment and Leather Workers' Federation (ITGLWF). "Unable to compete, local industries are collapsing, leaving hundreds of thousands of workers jobless." Kearney and his organisation have "no objection to the collection of used clothing for charitable purposes. However, steps need to be taken to ensure that used clothing donated for the poor is used for that purpose and distributed free of charge, thus avoiding the damage being caused in developing countries. Charities must stop exporting poverty."

Former Zambia bossman Chiluba

Estimates vary, but the used-clothing trade is generally thought to be worth around €80 million in sub-Saharan Africa, putting it in the top 10 exports from the US to that region. Back in Zambia, Fred M'membe, executive editor of the Post (the country's only fully independent daily paper) is critical of the economic free-for-all that has allowed this huge trade to develop at the expense of homegrown business.

"I'm not saying we should isolate ourselves from the world the way we once did," he says. "But we are not looking at how to develop our country. We are getting back to the same colonial equation where, in the land of our birth, Africans own nothing, control nothing, run nothing. We are soon to be aliens in our own country."

Needless to say the availability of cheaper clothing cannot be all bad news in countries where many people are living on less than €1 per day. But in the long term, the loss of home-owned industry could spell ruin for these places.

Cheap Booze in Dublin Clubs

Monday
Soho, Kildare St., D2. - Recess - 10 Euro in - All drinks €2.50

Tuesday
Wax, South William St, D2 - Lowdown - €7 in /€5 with student id - Selected cocktails for €3.20 each and 4 x cocktail shots for €10

Wednesday
Wax - Soul Riot - €7 in/ free b4 11.30 doors open at 10 - Selected cocktails for €3.20. each and 4 x cocktail shots for €10
Tivoli, Francis St., Dublin 8 - Genius - €8 in/ 7 with flyer/ 5 with student card - All drinks €2
Temple Theatre, Temple St., D1 - MIA - €7 in/5 with flyer/ free b4 12.15 with Gold Card - All Longnecks €3
POD, Harcourt St., D2 - Logic - €7 in, free in through the chocolate bar (8-11) - All pints €1.90 and Dbl Vodka/ Red Bull 2 for €6.40

Thursday
POD - Vibe - €8 in /6 with flyer or student card, Ladies free b4 12 - Dbl Vodka/ Red Bull 2 for €6.40, Pints of Miller €2.50 all night
Red Box, Harcourt St., D2 - Revolver - €7 in/6 - €2 a pint (selected) and 2 x Vod & Redbull for €6.40
Soho - Candy - €8 in - €2.50 all drinks
Switch, Temple Bar, D2 - Bam Bam - €7 in - All pints €1.90, shots €2.50
Temple Theatre - Cheeze - €5 in (10 on first Thur of each month) - All Longnecks €3
Tivoli - Discoball - €5 in with student card - All drinks €2
Wax/Spy - Soul Patrol - €7 in, free b4 11.30, open at 10 - Selected cocktails for €3.20 each and 4 x cocktail shots for €10

Sweet Holy Fuck

IN A TERRIBLE mix-up, the worst bar in Ireland has been named Jameson Pub of the Year. An investigation is underway to find out how the order got reversed and Café en Seine was given this prestigious award. And, in a further clerical error, Café en Seine's PR company were seemingly let write the judges' analysis of the pub.

"The soaring interior is truly awe-inspiring with glass-pannelled ceilings, 40ft trees, enormous glass lanterns and a 19th century French hotel lift among its many amazing features." One feature they forgot to mention was that you would almost certainly get a brain tumour in there from listening to so many assholes talking at once.

And that wasn't all: "No expense has been spared in the quality of design, materials and craftsmanship to create this beautiful Aladdin's Cave of a bar."

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DJ RUPTURE
FRIDAY 08 NOVEMBER
TBMC €TBC

A decidedly odd but good event. Bouncing from one end of the cavernous Music Centre to the other will be the sounds of jungle, dancehall, hardcore reggae, weird electronica and experimental hip-hop. It is organised by the mysterious Alphabet Crew, and nearly all of the names involved will mean fuck all to most people. Amongst the exceptions are Bassbin's Rohan and Djameka (from the Music Centre's Tuesday night Lo-Fat club). Two local live acts, T-Woc and Maschine both play a skewed fusion of jungle, reggae and electronica, but the big noise here is Madrid's DJ/Rupture. Last year's Gold Teeth Thief (a mix mp3) was an extraordinary stew of rnb, African, mid-eastern and avant-garde beats which shocked everyone from Vibe to nerdy granddad mag The Wire. Well recommended.

WRONGMOVE
FRIDAY 08 NOVEMBER
THOMAS HOUSE €FREE

It's been ten years since Shabba Ranks first uttered those immortal words... "SHABBA! SHABBA!" But since this promising debut in the mainstream, Ireland's exposure to ragga and dancehall reggae has been confined to the odd bit part in a hip hop or rnb set. Dancehall is basically gangsta rap's Jamaican cousin - except that the smooth L.A. sunset productions and e-z rhyming are replaced by impenetrable local Kingston patois and the truly headwrecking concept of the 'riddum' (where a backing track - not a song - rules the scene and you are potentially going to hear it six or seven times in a row with different ragga MCs on top). Hailing from deepest darkest Santry, the aptly named Wrong Move is the man brave enough to try and bring this sound to the jackeens. After an early interest in jungle exposed him to the original drum n bass jump-up ragga sound, Wrong Move took a hard left from there and went in search of the real thing. Most of his following so far consists of Dublin junglists who are tired drum n bass' recent meanderings. But he's a charismatic bloke behind the decks, and this is the best place to start if you've any interest in this sound. Warning: the place will be almost exclusively populated by white dnb boys who'd shit their baggy kacks if a real Kingston yardie even blinked at them.

SWERVE
FRIDAY 08 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

The fact that he is actually from London sets Swerve apart from most of the English rnb jocks playing the Temple and Tivoli. Two year ago he got picked up by the Brits' equivalent of Spin FM, Kiss 100 (yes, it used to be a killer pirate but by now all the cool people have either left or been fired). He soon distinguished himself with a trademark combination of old and new rnb scratched up with a passion (he was a UK DMC finalist in 92), so they moved him to the prestigious Smooth Grooves show. You can expect the same formula tonight and it's been going down well enough to see him asked back to the Temple regularly. Frank Jez supports.

AIRWAVE
SATURDAY 09 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

The name may make him sound like a mid-70s soft rock band from Oslo, but Airwave is actually Laurent Verronez, a trance-peddler from Brussels. For anyone still reading, Laurent has been doing well for himself within the small world of Euro-trance, and tonight should see the genre's more committed fans present. Normal people beware, though. Since making an impact with early releases like Bodyshock he's had remix work flooding in from names that would frighten the fuck out of most people. These include Tiesto and Da Hool, and praise from dipshits like Paul Van Dyk and Judge Jules. We know that to the majority of you though, these are actually sound reasons for sneaking a pellet gun in. Orbit supports.

It's been a long old slog at the prog

THE WINTER PARTY
FEATURING SASHA & DIGWEED, DARREN EMERSON AND FELIX DA HOUSECAT
SATURDAY 09 NOVEMBER
THE POINT €39

Sasha gazing down from heaven

RATHER THAN weigh in with a bunch of cheapo gags or fire off some kneejerk stuff about how 'shit' this gig is, let's remember that there are two predominant views about it and about Sasha, Digweed and Emerson in particular. One comes from people who would happily shell out big ones to see any one of these boys play the Kiltipper Post Office Club on a Monday night. They buy into the whole superstar DJ thing with unashamed fervour and swallow the line that the larger the billing and the bigger the fee, the better the DJ. On the other side of the divide is the precise opposite - folk who would avoid this gig and condemn it 'on principle'. The principle seemingly being that DJs who are as successful globally as top rock or pop stars can't be any good because too many people like them. So what about the rest of us, somewhere in the middle? What can we expect at this gig? Felix the Housecat has added a sleazy electro-ish sound to his foundations of abstract Chicago house. He is a fine DJ who can work a crowd up into a lather without recourse to glory-hunting anthems but his recent appearances in Dublin have seen him fall back on some big tunes. Darren Emerson is back on form after a bad patch - his mixing is up to scratch again but his music selection can be an inconsistent mess of house and techno. Digweed is covered (in shite) elsewhere in the once offs, which leaves us with Sasha. The unassuming Welshman has done everything right so far. When early house needed glamour and atmosphere, he championed progressive. He got off the epic progressive slowcoach when it got ridiculous, experimented with breaks and even drum n bass, made a cool record (Scorchio) with Emerson and recently produced a very agreeable home listening album, Airdrawndagger. What he's doing may not be flavour of the month but he's an excellent DJ and for an atmospheric, funky progressive house journey, nobody does it better. John Power and Robbie Butler support.

Digweed surveys his audience to see if anyone's still awake

JOHN DIGWEED
SATURDAY 09 NOVEMBER
RED BOX €20

Digweed. What a fucker. If this man represents what it means to be a megastar DJ then you'd be better off with a job in the Motor Tax office. He may be a 'consummate professional' but has anyone ever made the essentially exciting and fun job of being a DJ look more miserable? And shame on him for elevating the DJ equivalent of a guitar solo - the long featureless beatmix - to ridiculous levels of importance (it now seems to be considered the height of 'technical ability'). On the plus side, there's murmuring among the faithful that he's turning his back on the barren prairies of dark progressive house and nosing in the direction of a bit of melody. Which means that after about 6 hours of nothing you might get a breakdown if you're lucky. The greedy bastard is double jobbing it at the Winter Party tonight (see panel), and you're probably better off up there where at least Sasha might take the edge off the boredom. Support TBC.

ORBITAL (DJ SET)
SATURDAY 09 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €16.90

Orbital continue their seemingly terminal malaise with the announcement of another DJ gig in the Tivoli. Following an unspeakably bad album covered with all of the hallmarks of a band treading water to pay the bills came the greatest hits album – a move that has "past it" written all over it. They only DJ in Ireland, which we're assured has nothing to do with one of them living with an Irish woman, needing the extra cash, or promoters elsewhere being smart enough not to book them. With support from Moy, Redsettaz & Philth expect middle of the road techno & house, with some electro and breakbeat when Orbital get going. Rumours Alleges last time they played here the brothers had an argument, and to be honest a good fistfight is about all that could spice up a night of uninspiring music from an act that are sadly well past their best.

Orbital brothers, slap and head

ARTFORM ATTACK

JAMIE ANDERSON
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TBMC €15

Rosman gigs in the Music Centre over the last year have tended to be fairly banging affairs, with guests like Claude Young, Ben Simms and Surgeon all from the fuck-you end of the techno spectrum. Nothing wrong with a bit of that, but it's also nice to see them bringing over a quality English DJ who works from a broader palette. Enter Bristolian Jamie Anderson who, down the years, has displayed a variety of faces to the record buying public. He's here tonight as label boss and rep for his own Artform Records.

Artform is where Anderson generally indulges the techier, jazzier side of his musical psyche. Unsurprisingly it was his early work on the label which brought him to the attention of mentor Dave Angel. Other early converts to the Artform sound were Dutchmen Steve Rachmad and Orlando Vroon, which may give you a further clue as to what to expect.

But the flipside of the Anderson sound is the spaced-out percussive throb-fests he knocks out for Bristol's NRK Sound Division, among others. His debut album Blue Music, released a year ago on NRK, is a well-digested summing up of his various influences. It takes in jazz, tribal, dub and latin sounds, and sticks them together with some chugging rhythms that are at once techno and house. Chances are he'll be more techno than house tonight but you can always expect a bit of soul in the hole from this man. New signing to Artform Jerome joins the bill along with local talent Azreal, Calvin James and Donna Lyons. The latter deserves a mention if for nothing other than her anomaly status within the Dublin club scene as both a budding model/beauty queen and a techno anorak. Fine gig.

Jamie Anderson: doesn't like the look of Digweed

DODGE
FRIDAY 15 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €8

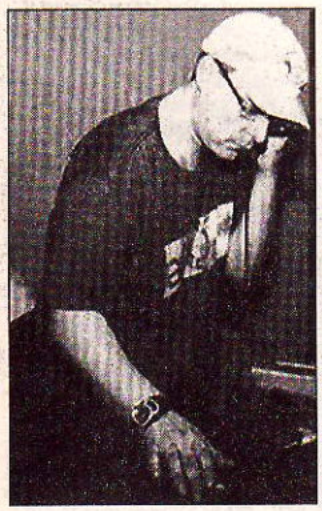
He can't be that dodge, because the Tivoli's Urban Renewal rnb night have him back this month only eight weeks after his last appearance there. While this man shares a similar background and apprenticeship to many UK rnb DJs currently visiting Dublin, what sets Dodge apart is the amount of remix work he's cleared so far. Where other DJs make vague mumblings about being 'in the studio', Dodge has an exceptional remix CV under his belt - ranging from Busta Rhymes and D'Angelo to a million UK wannabees. He also managed to inject a bit of genuine funk into Samantha Mumba's glutinous Body 2 Body via a well-received remix. Apart from that, his status as Trevor Nelson's right hand man at The Lick parties should finally convince you of his DJ stripes. Karlos supports.

IMPULSIVE'S 4TH BIRTHDAY: AJ LETTY
FRIDAY 15 NOVEMBER
SWITCH €TBC

Not a DJ likely to need a Groucho Marx-style disguise and wide brimmed fedora when walking down Grafton Sreet. Eukatech Records' AJ Letty may be unknown but the two appearances he's made so far at Switch this year have threatened his anonymity no end. Much praise was heaped on the last one particularly (in July), some of which even managed to briefly interrupt the petty complaining and self-promotion that takes place on the ie-dance internet discussion forum. It's no surprise, then, to see the Impulsive crew inviting him back to head their 4th birthday celebrations. Calming the fuck down from his former free party acid techno days, he plays funky techno which should get the Switch crowd rocking. Barry Dempsey supports.

SLAM AND GROOVERIDER
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €16.90

Stuart MacMillan and Orde Meikle are back in Dublin to fire off another round of groovy techno ammo. As far back as their earliest Temple Of Sound appearances they've always drawn decent crowds in Dublin, and they know their own game so well that seducing the average Tivoli gathering should be a piece of piss. Recent acclaimed appearances abroad (in particular at Barcelona's Sonar festival) would make you wonder if they consider us to be a bit of an easy touch and not worth breaking their holes about. Their post-Detroit percussive sets are reliably enjoyable though. We've all given up waiting on them to top Positive Education which is a good thing in a way as it never really represented their own menacingly energetic sound. Also playing tonight is jungle don Grooverider, who fairly mashed up the Music Centre six months ago with a lethal mix of dark and housey drum n bass Tivoli residents support.



CHARLES WEBSTER
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
MOLLOYS €9

With a name more suited to a firm of solicitors or accountants, the last thing you'd expect Charles Webster (above) to be is a DJ, much less one who appears to hail from San Francisco. He's actually English. Spending his formative musical years messing around in electronic and hip-hop bands before discovering house, Webster began the 90s as an early UK exponent of the American deep house sound. Fecking off to San Fran next, he's since made it his home - as he unsubtly demonstrated by naming his high-quality label I Love San Francisco. Webster also put out put out one of 2001's slow burner albums, Born On The 24th July, on Peace Frog, while his Sense Of Danger (with Massive Attack's Shara Nelson) as Presence is seen as a classic by many. Brian Chamberlain supports.

DON DIABLO
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

This Flying Dutchman has been unreliably described as 'hard house' by clubbers, websites and publicity guff alike. Bollox - he's trance through and through, moving in a set from Ferry Corsten/Darude style commercial candyfloss to the more menacing Picotto-esque stompers. Not a groundbreaking formula you must admit, so it's a surprise to find that his original material (on Refuse) can be quite interesting. Future Funk sounds like Daft Punk on a strict diet of Pro Plus and Raspberryade, while the more recent On My Own tips a nod to the bleepy Sheffield sound of LFO and The Exorcist. Ken Tobin supports. Downstairs in the Crypt tonight, the residents Sam Lowther and Marty Sheridan are joined by Paris' organic house merchant DJ Deep, last seen here a year ago in the Music Centre playing to a ragged but enthusiastic crowd. Worth running the Temple Street gauntlet for. Ken Tobin supports.

ONE STEP
FRIDAY 22 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €8

One Step was amongst the first UK names to start appearing regularly on posters for rnb nights in Dublin about two and a half years ago. It's no surprise that they keep bringing him back either, as anyone who's seen him in action (discount the majority of Dublin's snobbish dance music community, who tend to avoid these gigs like the plague) will testify. One Step carries all the hallmarks of an rnb DJ who grew up playing hip hop. You'll hear plenty of Nelly, Dre, J-Lo, etc. but his sets are characterised by fantastic scratching and mixing, and some cheesy mike action for good measure. One Step, like most British rnb DJs, is not microphone-shy. Recent appearances here have also been marked by some inspired interludes of UK Garage. Karlos supports.

MARK DEVLIN
FRIDAY 08 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

Not a member of Irish prick-rock losers The Devlins making a desperate last-ditch career salvation as a soul DJ. Mark Devlin is an Oxford-based major contributor to the UK's urban bible Blues And Soul. That's when he's not gallivanting around the world trying to foist rnb onto the unsuspecting likes of Saudi Arabia, South Africa and Czechoslovakia on his recent self-financed world tour. The train stops in the Temple tonight and with this guy's promisingly hefty track record in UK soul radio and clubland (he's been deeply involved with both for over twelve years), both regulars and the curious should be in for a treat. Frank Jez supports.

We need more club writers. email clubbing@theslate.ie if you're interested

La La and Bushwanker

LAYO AND BUSHWACKA
SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
RED BOX €20

IF YOU'RE looking for a symptom of everything that's wrong with clubbing right now, look no further than this dull pair of pisssticks. The dance press loves them. Everyone else seems to be baffled. Breaks without the funk, house without the balls, techno without the attitude. All at once. In case you're lucky enough never to have heard one of Layo and Bushwacka's uniquely disappointing tunes, allow us to fill you in. Whether it's the flat-footed, clumsy hit Love Story, or Bushwacka's excruciating remix of Billie Jean, you know your best bet when you see one of these chaps' records is to fuck it straight in the bin. To make matters worse, the lads chose that other High Priest Of Mediocrity, Tim Deluxe, to remix Love Story, and his ubiquitous lukewarm version persecuted clubbers everywhere in Ibiza all summer (some claimed to have heard it five times in one night, and in two bars simultaneously). The converted will disagree, but you'd have about as good a time being driven around the city in a taxi listening to Lite FM for the same money. Robbie Butler supports.

These men are fucking up dance music

MATT HARDWICK
SATURDAY 23 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Before settling into his current career as a Gatecrasher also-ran, Matt Hardwick enjoyed a brief spell playing professional football for Sheffield Wednesday. Unfortunately he never came up against Roy Keane, who could well have saved us all from this musical tragedy by standing on Matt's fingers and putting paid to any relationship they were developing with his record player. As it is, we're stuck with him and his triple CD of Gatecrasher misery, Resident Transmission, which is what he's here to hawk tonight. Hardwick's sets start out well meaning enough in a tough, percussively funky way, but then inevitably descend into full-on cats eyed, flourescent-trousered, knob-end trance pollution.

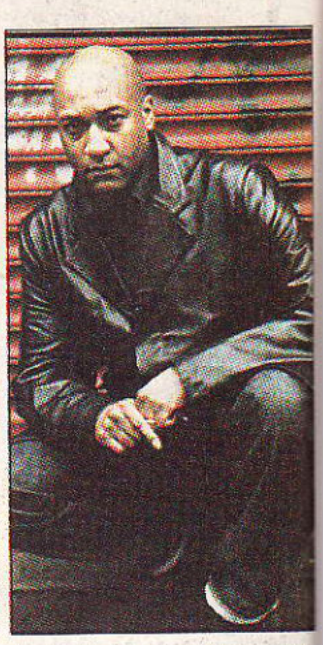
Apparently he's currently 'in the studio' with the bloke from the Human League that isn't Phil Oakley or the two birds. Glamorous or what? Orbit supports. Sam Lowther and Marty Sheridan play house in the Crypt.

LOTTIE
SATURDAY 23 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €16.90

Alongside Smokin' Jo Mills, Lottie has the dubious distinction of generally being considered the most 'credible' female DJ on the go. (This is partly down to blatant snobbery in the direction of hard house - the stack of birds trooping around that circuit could be mixing like Jeff Mills after a bionic operation, but the fact that the genre itself is in many people's eyes below criticism knocks them all out in the first round.) However, it would be stupid to let this kind of nonsense deflect from Lottie's obvious talent as a DJ. She used to play trance, but now it's all housey funky stuff with progressive on one shoulder and techno on the other. The dance press have dubbed her 'The First Lady Of Bugged Out' which might give you an idea of what to expect. Last time she played Dublin in June, the Red Box was decidedly empty - let's hope she gets a warmer reception in the Tivoli. Robbie Butler supports.

RONNIE HEREL
FRIDAY 29 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €8

This man may be an rnb DJ, but he looks like the type who'd be just as comfortable hammering impossible weights down an East End gym, or telling Ray Winstone to "fark off yew slag" as he is behind the decks. It's no wonder his UptownRecords shop - pretty much London's finest for all sounds urban - has lasted well over a decade in dodgy Soho. In the past few months, his Uptown Anthems show (Wednesday nights on BBC 1Xtra) has become recognised as a fine place to start if you want to catch up on rnb. Herel has played here many times in the last two years and is a good safe bet if you're in the mood to get bootylicious. Karlos supports.



Herel: don't mess wiv me bruv

HELTER SHELTER'S 1ST BIRTHDAY
SATURDAY 23 NOVEMBER
TBMC €10

A bit of a stinger for these boys - having to go around calling themselves Helter Shelter when the Shelter doesn't exist any more. Now that they've been turfed out of their original home, the lads are set to move across the river to Voodoo, where the pun potential is slightly lower (may we suggest Screw You Voodoo?). Before that though, they're holding their 1st birthday party in the Music Centre, a venue well suited to the rock music they're forever reminding us they play exclusively. "No House. No Techno. No Distractions." runs the club's sour-faced motto. It's a bit much in this day and age, and after all you don't see house and techno clubs hanging up a sign outside saying 'No Guitars'. And no, we haven't gone. Would you blame us?

Bootleg Boys hit Town

ARTHUR BAKER, 2MANYDJS AND EROL ALKAN
FRIDAY 29 NOVEMBER
RED BOX €15

2ManyDJs: If only all ugly nerd DJs were as considerate when they went out record shopping

LAST MONTH two culchies were given the great honour of running a Friday night club up here in Dublin. Over the last year or so, Cyril Briscoe and TG4's Cian O'Ciobhann have made a name for themselves with 110th Street, an inter-genre musical hooley which goes on every two weeks in the GPO Galway. Now the boyos have received the exciting invitation to run it every week in the Red Box - a halfway normal club right in the middle of Dublin. The arrival of their loosely formatted music policy marks a definite step forward for the recently refurbished venue. And, after bringing over the Avalanches' DJ Dexter Fabray last month, the lads have pulled another surprise out of the bag with this rock-solid November line-up.

Grumblers complain that Erol Alkan is all about hype and his Monday night phenomenon at The End, Trash, merely the current place-to-be for London media arseholes. In fact, all the signs would indicate that he's blazing a trail for back to basics DJ principles - dancefloor instinct, ideas over production and energy over technique. All he'll need to make you dance like an epileptic is two turntables, his FX touchpad and a box of his own bootlegs.

If Alkan is the bootleg scene's Fatboy Slim, then 2ManyDJs are its Chemical Brothers. Their neurotically laboured-over Radio Soulwax mix CD - while undeniably refreshing - is a bit anxious for artistic validity. It's also worth noting that one of the CD's most talked about moments actually belongs to Alkan (the Destiny's Child /10CC soundclash). For the moment though, who cares?

Finally, electro granddad Arthur Baker. The man who kicked hip hop up the hole in 1982 with Planet Rock (the rhymes were Bambataas, the beats were his). Modern dance music owes as much to Baker as anyone else. Although not officially a DJ, you can expect Baker to take you on a spin 'round his mind-boggling production legacy. A top class gig with the perfect balance of roots and futurism.

Tasty breaks at the Music Centre

F.O.O.D. 1ST BIRTHDAY: B.L.I.M.

FRIDAY 29 NOVEMBER
TBMC €13

It's a night of the living acronyms here as Boy Lost In Music, B.L.I.M. headlines the first birthday of Dublin breakbeat night Fuck Off Or Dance (what a hostile name - fuck off yourself), F.O.O.D. This night started off as Octane, a half-speed upstairs alternative to the jungle madness of Refuge, Bassbin's Friday night club in the Switch basement. It was a decent enough place to hear the latest in breaks, but when Bassbin pulled out of Switch last year, F.O.O.D's potential as a full on clubnight was realised by promoters Simon F and Tac-Tic as they moved downstairs to fill the Friday night gap.

Despite looking like one of The Levelers, Simon F's dancefloor instincts told him that not even the most ardent nu-skool breaks fans could hack five and a half hours of it. Instead, a formula was crafted which allowed his wildly eclectic finish-up sets to release the pressure created by Tac-Tic's dark break-scapes (not to mention stopping the whole thing from going up it's nu-skool arse). Sadly the pair moved from Switch two months ago, but can be found rocking away free of charge in Viva's basement every Thursday. Joining them tonight is Gervase Cooke aka B.L.I.M.

Boy Lost In Music (let's face it, you'd use a pseudonym if your name was Gervase) started out producing drum n bass, moving to breakbeat around 1997. You can still hear a lot of drum n bass in his sound, which is all harsh, unforgiving breaks and baleful bass tones. This may get a bit much for those who were into the fresh, funky side of F.O.O.D, but overall B.L.I.M. is a good rocking DJ who will appeal to a techno, electro or jungle mindset as well as the breaks boys.

U.G.L.Y.

Come up and Buscemi sometime

BUSCEMI

FRIDAY29 NOVEMBER
LOBO, THE MORRISON €13

This Ultra Lounge night is the equivalent of a student traffic light club for office workers. The theme is loungey sophistication. The reality is hapless lonely souls from nearby legal firms wandering around pissed and ignoring the music. Shame because the one good thing about the night is it's international guests, such as Buscemi. The gloriously unpronounceable Dirk Swartenbroekx records typical European downtempo stuff along the lines of Kruder and Dorfmeister. DJing though, he expands this to include broken breaks and soft melodic techno the likes of which you might hear from Morgan Geist.

UMEK

SATURDAY 30 NOVEMBER
TIVOLI €16.90

Pedantic techno purists don't tend to like Uros Umek much - mainly because his tunes are all quite accessible, follow the same pattern and by slap-head standards are a bit cheesy. Enough about them though. Slovenian Umek more or less kickstarted the dance revolution there, despite being barely out of his teens. Clubbing work allowed him to buy a sampler in the early 90s and away he went, recording rough-edged techno (at first) for a ridiculous number of labels. Tonight you can expect him to turn his hand to anything from the aforementioned fire-breathing loops, to funky twisted techhouse to beefy dancefloor electro (odds on it's this one). Whatever he chooses, he'll knock it out in style, on no less than four decks as well.

JOY KITIKONTI

SATURDAY 30 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Last seen here in the Temple all of four weeks ago alongside his BXR labelmate Mario Piu, it's Joy Kitikonti. At this stage they must be checking the Herald to try and get him some cheap digs in Drumcondra. Still the Temple know their Saturday crowd, as evidenced by last month's reduced admission price on 19 October to anyone producing a ticket for the Godskitchen Point Depot extravaganza (also known as Pillstock). For the record, Tuscany's Joy Kitikonti plays (wait for it) hard fast trance which ranges from the creative (Raggatack) to the insufferable (JoyEnergizer, which even Judge Jules described as "highly irritating"). Jay Pidgeon supports. Deep Residents Sam Lowther and Marty Sheridan in the Crypt downstairs play progish house.

DAVID HOLMES LIVE - THE FREE ASSOCIATION

SATURDAY 20 NOVEMBER
AMBASSADOR €23.50

David Holmes has long been threatening to make some kind of soul album, what with the atrocious, floor-clearing northern soul DJing disasters which he at one stage became notorious for. Old hatchet-face left the dancefloor some time ago, absconding to Hollywood where he took to scoring film soundtracks and releasing mediocre albums such as Stop Arresting Artists and Bow down to the Exit Sign. Neither of these were a patch on his early work and to cap this, he's decided that 'real' instruments are where it's at. Gone is the earlier studio trickery and programming, now it's all live funk and soul with his band The Free Association. They've just released an eponymous album and it's as much a homage to Holmes 60s/70s influences as anything else. God knows what it will be like live, but it'll have to be better than his deck skills.

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
BOOTY €6/5

DJ Pure Silk knocks out old school rnb, soul and other urban music at a club night we've never been to. Proper review in December issue.

EAMON DORAN'S
COMMON CURRENCY €7/5

In spite of some ramshackle publicity, this club kicked off with a bang last month, injecting some much-needed atmosphere into Doran's basement. Big indie tunes and a fun first approach made for a couple of excellent sessions, but things tailed off a bit towards the end of the month. Should pick up again. Dublin Brewing Company pints €3, selected shots €2.
Last reviewed October 2002

FIREWORKS
WARM UP €FREE

Another night we haven't been to, but it looks like a disgraceful pile of shit anyway. "Top DJs spinning the best in pop and dance" are what you'll find here, so you know where to go when the violent rage takes hold. Review next month.

FRAZERS
UNITY €6

For a while, the dub-based Firehouse Skank has been Dublin's only reggae option. DJ Ram and Power FM's Selector Dixi have decided to provide a bit of variety with this more uptempo offering across the road in Frazers' miniscule basement. Numbers so far have been good for a new night in this part of town. Worth checking out.
Last reviewed October 2002

THE GEORGE
THE MISSING LINK €8 AFTER 10PM

Gay quiz with Annie Balls (weekly prize €400) followed by 'Songs from the Last Century' with DJ Stuart Jackson.

Let's kick drugs out of Dublin clubs

POD
VIBE €8/6 FLYER/STUDENTS LADIES FREE B4 MIDNIGHT

Frank Jez lashes out a palatable mix of rnb and hip hop with the odd bit of garage thrown in. Almost always a good bet for a midweek night out. Dbl. vodka and Red Bull: €6.40. Pints of Miller €2.50
Last reviewed August 2002

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/6

This student night has just re-opened after the summer holidays. It was shit last year - hopefully there'll be some kind of improvement this time round. Residents Al Gibs and Ian Clarke generally play pretty crap 'dance' music. €2 for selected pints, double vodka and Redbull €6.40. Review next month.

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

Padraig Disconaut plays upstairs and Aran McMahon and guests are downstairs. Same as almost every other night in this place.

SOHO
CANDY €8

€2.50 for all drinks, but you might as well booze at home.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

New student night at this oversized strip bar. We tried to review it last month, but then Prince showed up for an after-show party and all the students were booted out. Residents are Christian Boshel and Adam Oro. We'll give it another lash for next month.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €7

Historically Switch has been pretty crap on a Thursday, and these lads (mainly DJs from the excellent Power FM) are facing an uphill battle to make it work. Graham Keely's tough tech and tribal house is wasted on a crowd that needs beefing up. All pints €1.90, all shots €2.50.
Last reviewed October 2002

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

Rocker disco at which local indie band members turn up and force their record collections on people with dodgy mod haircuts and an aversion to repetitive beats. Generally the atmosphere is good, even if numbers vary. DJs Nutcase, Madouva, Swench and Benny Hill are the regulars.
Last reviewed August 2002.

Francois Quits DJing

Francois: Slan leat

AFTER SIXTEEN years of tearing the arse out of it in venues all over Dublin, popular veteran DJ Francois has announced he's had enough. The 'Peter Pan' of techno has been resident in nearly every club in the capital at some stage, and co-ran such well known mong-sessions as UFO and Alien in Columbia Mills during the mid-90s.

But now Francois has decided he doesn't like Dublin clubs. "The whole scene is too commercial; Dublin stinks," he says. "I've pretty much lost interest. The only real craic to be had is at parties and free raves. The rest of it is shit." On the subject of today's dance music artists he's also scathing. "A lot of it just sounds the same. I blame the easy availability of music making software. Any muppet can make music now, so loads of it is crap."

Francois will be holding one final farewell mash-up sometime in February. Keep reading your Slate for further details.

TEMPLE THEATRE
CHEEZE €5/10 ON FIRST THURS OF MONTH

Ropey student night with bored-looking DJ and excited drunks getting into Shakira and whatever else on the dancefloor. All longnecks €3.
Last reviewed October 2002

TIVOLI
DISCOBOLLOX €5 STUDENT

All muthafucking drinks €2. Can't complain about that - more info next month.

VOODOO
LADIES NIGHT €5

What a name for an rnb night. We will check it out asap. Hosted by DJ E Lead, Mad Rapper and MC Luther.

WAX
SOUL PATROL €7 / FREE B4 11.30

A good selection of DJs, including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano, Keith Dalton, Anthony Mooney, Stef Hoffman, Padraig Disconaut and Billy Scurry play excellent deep house in what is Wax's best night. Mr. Moto is this month's guest, and he's a great DJ. Various cunts play upstairs in Spy. Too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent.
Last review: October 2002

FRIDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
FUCK KNOWS €8/7

Unclear what is going on here on a weekly basis, but Johnny Moy has started an interesting-looking monthly session (Deep Down and Dirty) involving bongos, a bass guitarist (Robbie Dunne), decks and MC Little Tree.

FIREWORKS
REFUEL AFTER WORK €5 AFTER 11

Resident Al Redmond. Cocktails a fiver til 8pm - this is apparently a drink deal. A pit of shit and a name to match.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Salsa, funk and soul flavoured night. A large crowd of old and rather dismal people attend, there are loads of different rooms to get lost in and it goes on very late by Irish standards (4am).

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €5

John Colbert lays on well-known indie hits to a young crowd. Definitely worth a visit if you like a nice mouldy session of getting drunk and listening to the Stones, Strokes, Smiths, etc.
Last reviewed October 2002.

GET IN TOUCH
clubbing@theslate.ie
for hot gossip and aspiring writers

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

Wanky night with lounge and jazz music which is sometimes good. Invariably filled with contrived cunts, however.

POD
HAM €10/8

One of the few decent, music-orientated gay nights in Dublin's piss poor scene. The crowds keep coming, and there isn't really a better homo option on a Friday. Residents include Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and Tonie Walsh in the abbatoir. Gristle cabaret features every second week. Last review August 2002

REDBOX
110TH STREET €10/15 INT GUESTS

Cian O'Ciobhain and Cyril Briscoe are at the helm of this funk, soul and anything goes kind of night. This has just kicked off in the refurbished Red Box, so we'll have the low-down next month. See once offs for international guest info.

RIRA
RINKA €10

Funk, hip hop, soul from Cian O'Ciobhain, Cyril Briscoe (both playing in the Red Box as well tonight), Pat McShitetalker, Dave Cleary, and Brian Never Nevin. Open deck upstairs. Generally a safe bet for a good night.

SWITCH
PHUNK D'UP €12/11

Things have been hotting up down in the basement here, with plenty of maddoutofits turning up for the hard techno from Impulsive duo Dean Sherry and Bart Dempsey. It goes on late, and while Switch is in the midst of some radical redesign en ce moment, if you're in the humour for some serious brain poisoning this a good option. AJ Letty plays this month; and his previous appearances here have been great by all accounts. See once off listings for more. Last reviewed October 2002

SPIRIT
PROPHECY €15

The music here in Dublin's flashiest club isn't great, but may improve with the arrival of Hugh Scully and distinctly uncommercial downtempo merchant Keith Downey (PowerFM). It tends to be over-packed and the strippers are annoying, but this late night gaff is probably worth a look if you haven't been. Other residents include Calvin James and Mr Ray.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION & TECHNOLOGY €13/10

Frank Jez and international guests lash out big-tune rnb and hip hop in the main auditorium to large mixed crowds. Great stuff. Downstairs it's deep techno for baldies with the D1 boyas. If you're serious about Detroit techno and electro, this is your only real club option tonight. November guests include the excellent Simon Conway and Alan Carberry, both of whom knock out quality electro. Last review September 2002

TIVOLI
URBAN RENEWAL €10
STUD CONS/LADIES FREE B4 12.15

Good rnb in this overbright, distinctly tacky venue. Some quality international guests drop by, who generally get the floor moving. Worth checking out. The main resident is Karlos.

VOODOO
BOOGIE €5

Tayor and Stephen Flynn supply deep and jacking house in this unsuccessful superpub. Some of their international guest nights - including the Inland Knights - have been good affairs, but the poor quality of the venue is a handicap.

WAX
HOUSE PARTY €10

A fine stonking pill session for those who like up-for-it house music from Carlow's DJ Bubbles. The numbers have been great and the small venue works well, with the only drawback being the worst Blacks in the Jacks situation in the city. Take our advice and piss behind the seats instead of having some poor cunt escort you from your cubicle to dry your hands afterwards. Last reviewed October 2002.

C1607

ALL PINTS €1.90
DOUBLE VODKA REDBULL €6.40

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RESIDENT DJ SCOTT MACNAUGHTON
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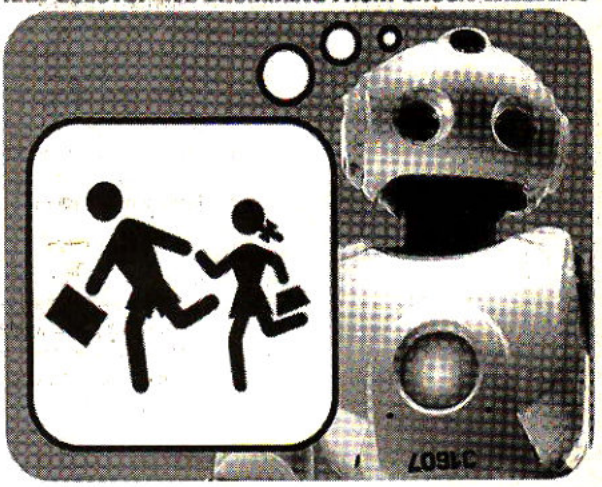

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SATURDAYS

COYOTE
JUICE €10 AFTER 11

All the tunes you know and love, apparently, from Sean Harley.

EAMONN DORAN'S
SCHOOLDISCO.COM €10

Typically shite night in Dorans except there are only about two people dicking in school uniforms. 80s music.
Last review September 2002

FIREWORKS
THE MAIN EVENT €5 AFTER 11

More shite. Rory Lynam from Spin FM resides.

FRAZERS
DOMINION €6

Goth disco bizness which sees the freaks come out in full force. Strictly for Marylin Manson lookalikes.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

Essentially an afro-based music policy in this ginormous place full of people in their late 20s shouting at each other about their soul destroying jobs while trying to dance. However you may run the risk of walking into a room to find Brian Adams or some other shite blaring out. The multi-roomed nature of the venue makes things a little more interesting, but the sensible thing to do is drink until you blackout.
Last review October 2002

THE GEORGE
NO NAME €10 AFTER 10

DJ Karen from 8 - 10, Stuart Jackson from 10 til late with a bit of prog. The George is rammed and generally fairly seedy on the weekend. There aren't many other gay options tonight, unfortunately.

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

Good rock disco with Andy Colbert, a simple but effective DJ. If you hate dance music this newly-renovated club is a decent option and generally filled with up-for-it drunks.
Last review October 2002

MOLLOYS
BODYTONIC €?

This was formerly known as Shake, but then some moaning culchie got on the phone and started giving out about how he was running a night of the same name in Galway - as if anyone gave a fuck. Now it's called Bodytonic, but it's still a fairly up and down house night in a weird venue. Residents Brian Chamberlain of Power FM, Tayor.

POD
ART €13/10

This excellent deep house night is doing fine business and attracting a good friendly crowd. Deep house from Billy Scurry, Shane Johnson and Antoinette le Moonkey. Possibly the best Saturday night option around at the moment.
Last review October 2002

REDBOX
H_2O €15/€20 WITH INT. GUEST

This'll be a foreign guest orientated night, taking in everything from house to techno to trance. Check our once offs for details. The Irish residents are Robin Butler, Dermot Bubbles, Eoghan Young and Shay HandsOn.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

If the Rira DJ spent all night scratching the needle off his arse, you'd still get a dancefloor full of desperate types falling around here. Nevertheless, a ruthless policy of jazz, soul & funk music is almost never deviated from. Slightly housier feel on Saturdays - or so they claim. Emma C downstairs and Dave Cleary upstairs.
Last review April 2002.

SOHO
CANDY €12

Gay night. We've no more details so fuck off.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €20

Pretty much the same deal as on Friday - see review on p.31. Opens until about 4.30am but may be getting a bit of grief over that from the cops. Mark Lowdnes, Chris Brown, Martin McCann, Noel Phelan, Rory Pierce, Half-naked arseholes.

SWITCH
TURN IT ON €13/12

Nick Corrigan has eased off the tribal a bit of late, but the policy here is still tough house. Plenty of people have been showing up and it goes on late, so you can't go too far wrong in this small dark basement. Last review October 2002.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €16

Big night for young little clubbers in the same vein as Space which ran here previously. There has been a move away from hard house towards hard enough trance in the last while, though, with regular visits from the likes of Mauro Picotto. Still mad for getting off your gibloids though. Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit. Marty Sheridan and Sam Lowther.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €8 AFTER 10

Rnb in this badly located superpub. DJ Funkmaster Lee is in charge. He is a sharp DJ and lively MC who usually draws a decent crowd. Selected cocks and pints €3.50, selected shots €2.50 between 4 & 8pm.
Last review July 2002

WAX
NYLON €12/11 AFTER 10PM

Mainly breaks from Residents Trixton, Nik James, Arveene and Scotland McNaughton.

Too hush hush! Club Gossip

by Bitchy McBackstab

Francois has shocked everyone and given up DJing after 16 years - see page 30 for more details ... **Neuromantek,** a free electro club run by about 20 nerds upstairs in the Thomas House had an unprecedented month in October, with both **Andy Weatherall** and **Phil Kieran** dropping by to smash the place up for free ...

The Shelter beside Vicar St closed last month, giving about five minutes notice to all the outfits that had residencies there. **Bassbin** are rumoured to be moving to the bar in the Tivoli, while Sean Scully's deep house outfit **Central** have taken up residency in the bar of the Project Arts Centre ...

MC Wuzza, who appeared on RTE's Sampler programme spouting complete gibberish a couple of weeks back is starring in a new film called Headrush. It's directed by Shimmy Marcus - who is responsible for Aidan Walsh, Master of the Universe and will also feature Maureen Potter and Amanda Brunker ...

The **Modern Green Bar** is to be renamed Solas ... Ham's **Tonie Walsh** is now officially the general manager at **Switch**. Extensive renovations are being promised ...

In spite of overcrowding and bad bar management in the Storehouse, most people managed to have a roaring good time at the **Dublin Electronic Arts Festival** main event, and the festival as a whole was a great success... **Ticketmaster,** however proved themselves to be a shower of money-grabbing cunts during the course of it. Having promised D1's **Eamonn Doyle** that they'd only tack a Euro or so onto the original €20 main event door tax, they were to be found the next day flogging them for a shocking €25.35. The appalled D1 camp got on the phone and gave them an earful, but by that stage all tickets had sold out. Needless to say, relations between the two sides were not the best, and they weren't improved by various Ticketmaster outlets mysteriously informing punters that the whole event had been cancelled. This went on for about three days, and the Storehouse was inundated with frantic phone calls from people wondering if they'd have to ask for their money back.

Dubfly, as we predicted last month, has now been officially put out of its misery...**Richie Rock** entered the Eurovision song contest in Croke Park.

A well-known Dublin promoter recently siphoned off a nice commission for himself on what was supposed to be a charity gig. Who could it be?

Which culchie DJ is lashing out pills from behind the decks at his weekend residency?

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12
WITH CONC, €8 AFTER

Fairly popular rnb session with residents Stevie G and Al Murray. The venue isn't great but the mixed crowd seem to get pretty well into it.
Last reviewed: September 2002

EAMON DORAN'S
MELTING POT/PLAYAZ BALL €5

Poorly attended bad hip hop night. Don't bother your hole.
Last reviewed September 2002.

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY €7 AFTER 10

Shirley Temple Bar hosts this well liked gay variety show, which sees quite a few staights tag along for the laugh. Head along if you're looking for a change from the usual club fodder. She's Followed by DJ Fluffy.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Very good if slightly ramshackle leftfield evening which is often electronica-driven but can encompass almost anything. It's a small gaff and this night has a fair crowd of regulars, so get there early for a seat. Upcoming guests this month: 3 Nov - **Mr. Creosote**; 10 Nov - **Tycho Brahe**; 17 Nov - **Velvetron**; 24 Nov - **Steve Avril (DJ set).**

POD
LOVE DANCIN €9

Fine end-of-week session in the Pod with the usual suspects: Billy Scurry, Nello Romano, Stiff Hoffman, Muggy and the rest. A safe bet. Last reviewed September 2002.

RIRA
TAIL SPIN €7

Newly named night with Karlito and DJ Pete Pamf shpinning de funk, soul, hip hop and rnb. Sound enough option.

Promoters! Send info about your events and clubs to clubbing@theslate.ie

Na buachailli Foot Fetish: Tonie Walsh, Bongo Williams & Sean Hand

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6 AFTER 11

House, tech-house and tribal house from Sean Hand and Tonie Walsh. One of the few nights where the people involved do things like dress up in drag. This club in particular might benefit from the planned makeover that Switch is supposed to be getting. Bongo-boy Williams and Beverly the Saxaphone also feature.
Last review September 2002.

VOODOO
CBGBS €3

Country, bluegrass and blues night which we haven't been to yet. Looks interesting.

WAX
HILTON EDWARDS €8

Martin McCann and Mark Dixon on the decks. The Music can get a bit noodly but there generally tend to be loads of people here and few dirty old men. Can get a bit cliquey at times. Last reviewed February 2002.

DJ Bar Listings

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Wednesday: Open Mic Night
Thursday: Defective Collective (Open Mic Night)
Friday: Bleep - Decal and guests (electronica)
Saturday: Let Loose / Recreate SIM promotions (electro/techno)
Sunday: Easy Listening Vinyl in association with PhantomFM /Psychonavigation records

THOMAS HOUSE
THOMAS ST., D8

Monday: Vibrator (Ambient electronica, live Sets, Guest DJs)
Tuesday: Ohmbrew (electro/techno & cutting edge underground beats)
Wednesday: Alternating fortnightly between Dubfactor (reggae) and Thomas Mouse (funk/electronica)
Thursdays: Neuromantek (electro) upstairs every week/ Fatty Fatty & Spin Cycle alternating fortnightly downstairs
Fridays: Savage Banter & The Gappy Foundation (Funky tunes, Guest DJs, Projections)
Saturday: Alternating fortnightly between Monkey Tennis (Stupid party music for girls) and Thomas the Skank Engine (Funky Sounds and Cheesy tunes)
Sundays: Crimewave & Snuggle (60s garage, alternative rock, Boogiebeats)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Friday: Hells Kitchen - DJs Claire K and Pete Pamf (funk, soul, classics)
Saturday: Promised Land - Poppy and Tarquin
Sunday: Poison - DJ Ram (reggae)
Monday: Graemo Show - Graham Oakley (Phantom FM)
Tuesday: Fromage - Bronagh Gallagher, Nina Hynes, Colm Q, Jack L
Wednesday: Butterfly Rock (Live songwriters session hosted by Lazie with DJ Racket)
Thursday: Donal Scannell

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Friday: Rohan (Mixed Bag)
Saturday: DJ Kevin and DJ Dara (Hip Hop, Jazz, Funk)
Sunday: Ciaran and Miller from 6-9/ Colin, Steve and Co from 9-12 (all kinds of technological music)
Monday: Open Deck
Tuesday: Joy with Joy and Soul Sister (Classic Soul, Jazz, Funk)
Wednesday: Ollie Moore (Electro, breaks, beats, reggae)
Thursday: Rocky T Delgado (Electro, eclectic funk, indie and progressive house)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Friday: Kajagubu - Mark Kelly
Sunday: Jazz Action Live Jazz band from 5-7, Marion doing tarot readings
Monday: Ha Ha - Declan Rooney & Eddie Naessens (Comedy Club)
Tuesday: The Company (eight piece jazz band)
Wednesday: G-spot with Busty (Variety show open mic- singers and guest artists)

SOLAS (FORMERLY MODERN GREEN BAR)
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: NY Dream DJ Competition
Tuesday: Fressstyle
Wednesday: Aoife Ni Canna
Thursday: Pete Pamf
Friday: Fionn Davenport
Saturday: Morgan
Sunday: Mark Kelly

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Thursday: Simon F (breaks)
Friday: Eddie Lennon
Saturday: Ben Carvosso

Live Music

PAPA ROACH
MONDAY 04 NOVEMBER
THE POINT THEATRE €33.50

Production line pop tends to be pitched at kids who expect white weddings and last minute winning goals. Angst-ridden rap-metal, on the other hand, sells to teenagers who know better and who blame it on everyone else in the world, whilst simultaneously believing that said planet revolves around themselves and their stupid pimple-popping problems. Papa Roach first showed up on the music industry radar with Infest in 2000. This year they abandoned rap to concentrate on metal for 'Lovehatetragedy' and toured with Eminem and Xzibit as part of the Anger Management tour this summer. They now arrive in Ireland with support from Murderdolls and Hell Is For Heroes. This band, by the way, come recommended to us as one of the better nu-metal acts around. Which is kind of like being told that Bubba is one of the better lovers in the prison wing. That's great and all but we'd really rather take your word for it.

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS
THURSDAY 07 NOVEMBER
OLYMPIA €22.55-€24.55

The Hothouse Flowers came to prominence back in the 80s as the most viable candidates for the position of ' the next U2'. With one excellent single (Don't Go) and half-decent album (People) under their belts they proceeded to rest on their laurels for the next decade and a half. Liam O'Maonlai and Fiachna O'Braonain were always far more likely to turn up as guest banjo players on a Sharon Shannon song than to bother making albums themselves - only three in the last 12 years. Their most recent, Born (1998), was described by Hot Press as "so unadventurous and uninspiring it would have been better had it never been conceived". Strong criticism from a magazine whose policy towards successful Irish musicians has always been to suck cock first and ask questions later.

BLACKALICIOUS
FRIDAY 08 NOVEMBER
RED BOX €16

Blackalicious are a west coast hip hop duo who fall into the very self-consciously 'un-gansta' bracket (where De La Soul and The Pharcyde often reside at their most excessive). Rapper Gift of the Gab rambles on in a fashion which would have you believe he's a laid-back quirky kind of character. After a few minutes, though, his limitations become obvious and if you don't warm to his style you'll find him as enjoyable to listen to as the twat from the Power City ads. Their best work would be the 'Melodica' EP, when Chief Excel's production was at its barest and best. However, their two follow up albums are sprawling, patchy affairs, full of choppy funk and soul samples which would try the patience of Padre Pio himself. They'll probably entertain well tonight, though, so if if you feel like a bit of live hip hop, head down. Support from Creative Controle and Tuki.

THE WALLS
SATURDAY 09 NOVEMBER
AMBASSADOR €18

To say that Joe and Steve Wall are not renowned for their astute judgment would be something of an understatement. These, after all, are the guys who gave us "So many years I never asked why / So many years I never could cry / You don't miss the water till the well runs dry" in their previous life as The Stunning. They split the Stunning in 1994, frustrated that their massive and sustained Irish popularity had never translated into as much as an album release abroad. After an unsatisfactory spell signed to Columbia (the label "tried to turn them into the Pet Shop Boys", i.e. tried to put some sort of shape on them) the Walls, as they had become, walked out on the label, losing all the material they had recorded during their time in London in the process. They've been gigging in venues like Whelans since but only started to regain momentum when they began including old Stunning numbers in their encores (doh!). The modest success of the album Hi-Lo (2000) and this year's single To The Bright And Shining Stars have brought them to this, their biggest gig in eight years.

SHITTY IN PINK

PINK
WEDNESDAY 06 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE €36

IN DON'T let me Get me, Pink whines that she is "tired of being compared to damn Britney Spears." This seems a bit ungrateful, seeing as the most recent phase in her career (and by far the most lucrative, with 5 million albums sold) has been based largely around a successful attempt to package her as some kind of anti-Britney.

The target market is a group of teens who are just as stupid and unimaginative as Britney's fans, but have decided to base their consumer habits around the bad girl/misfit model instead of the roller-skating cheerleader one.

Part of the strategy seems to be for Pink to splurge all the details of her personal life into her songs, Eminem-style, and constantly whine on about her struggles with the world. Unfortunately, there is a rather large difference between Pink and Eminem. Talent. At least, if you are getting bored of Eminem rapping about cutting off Kim's head, you might be diverted by his self-parody and violent attacks on assholes like Christopher Reeve, Shaggy and the Backstreet Boys. Pink's lyrics, on the other hand, are completely flat-footed, appallingly po-faced, and have all the scope and vision of Stevie Wonder staring up a bogroll insert. On My Vietnam, she makes a rare venture into the realm of subject matter that doesn't exclusively involve herself and her boring personal problems. The results are embarassing: "Once I fed the homeless/ I'll never forget/ the look upon their faces/ as I treated them with respect." Amazingly none of them took the chance to knife the condescending bitch.

Don't Think Pink. You might explode

Musically, one of the most striking things about Pink's career is the makeover she gave her musical style between Can't Take Me Home (2000) and last year's M!ssundaztood . The earlier effort was a slickly produced but boring collection of RnB tunes - following on from work she had been doing with RnB groups around her hometown of Philadelphia. M!ssundaztood continues in the same lyrical vein (every song seems to be about how some man fucked her over but she is really tough and doesn't give a shit about him any more) but adopts a far more guitar-driven musical style, with Linda Perry from 4 non Blondes producing the majority of the tracks. Both albums are characterised by a few good tunes (There You Go, Dear Diary, the aforementioned Don't Let Me Get Me) being ruined by lyrics which make you want to send her some Anthrax in the post

BRIGHT EYES
SATURDAY 09 NOVEMBER
WHELANS €14.50

What has become of The Chicks, every D4 mother's nightmare? Three Loretto Convent school girls who formed a punk band and ended up performing on national TV instead of doing their Leaving Cert, scandalising the Live at Three audience and becoming minor celebrities in the process. Well, if those girls brought shame on their auld ones, Connor Oberst's parents must have been pretty disappointed when their little lad, at the age of 14 set up his own record label and released two albums worth of garage indie with his mates. They must also have been rather alarmed when they heard the first track of his latest solo album as Bright Eyes, in which he sounds like he's in the middle of a particularly painful anesthetic free operation. The sound of a young, angsty man baring his soul is rarely pleasant, but when this guy puts his mind to it he gives new meaning to the word misery. However, if you can get over his I'm-about-to-have-a-panic-attack voice you'll find he has some palatable enough country influenced tunes in there. Plus for this Whelans gig he'll be turning up with an 11-piece band, which make him a more interesting proposition altogether.

XZIBIT
MONDAY 11 NOVEMBER
AMBASSADOR €28.50

Like Eminem and Snoop Dog before him, this west-coast rapper always has people pointing over his shoulder at producer Dr Dre and attributing his huge popularity to the former NWA man. Certainly, Xzibit can't match Mathers for his original, outrageous style or Snoop for his fluid, purring delivery, and if he hadn't hooked up with modern hip hop's most successful producer, he'd probably still be the underground rapper that he was throughout most of the 90s. Nonetheless, as successful hardcore rappers go, he's not bad. His not-quite-on-the-beat delivery makes it sound like he's trying to fit in too many words per line, but he's got a fine voice (reminiscent of Rakim) which distinguishes him from most of his peers. Lyrically, it's all fairly dull gangsta business but Dre's production on his latest album is as good as he's come up with in years. Hard and beat-heavy, he avoids the cartoon jerkiness that he churns out for Eminem or the rnb/hip hop hybrid he favours for his solo work.

ROGER HARGROVE QUARTET
THURSDAY 14 NOVEMBER
VICAR ST €15/20/25/29

More daecent looking jazz from Note productions in a venue that suits this kind of music. Roy Hargrove is a well-respected trumpeter whose repertoire

Xzibit A

encompasses big band and quintet-based jazz, as well as Afro-Cuban music, soul and blues, and he sings every now and then as well when the humour takes the auld cunt. Tonight will see him perform with Justin Robinson (saxophone), Ronnie Mathews (piano), Dwayne Burno (bass) and Willie Jones III (drums). Born in Texas and now based in New York, he's released a slew of albums on Verve and has performed with such well-known personalities such as Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock and Freddie Hubbard. He's also reputed to be a relaxed, easygoing performer.

DAVID GRAY
THURSDAY 14 & SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE €38.25-40.75

There is little left to say about the special place in his heart David Gray has for Ireland. The Welshman had his first success here, and he has sold records and had a huge following here for longer than anywhere else - White Ladder has gone 14 times platinum in Ireland and is now the biggest selling album of all time in this country. The real mystery is figuring out who keeps buying it. If we eliminate children under ten (too boring for them), the elderly (too loud), the poor (too expensive), homosexuals (too straight), drug addicts (too many problems as it is), the disabled (wheelchair access to record shops limited at best) and people who think his music is about as exciting as eating biscuits then, according to our calculations, the remainder of the population must have bought the album about 8 times each. Anyway, he's finally released a follow-up - A New Day At Midnight - and it's not a lot more exciting than White Ladder was (see albums page for review)

Join his American Music Club

MARK EITZEL
SUNDAY 17 NOVEMBER
SPIRIT €20.50

At the height of their success in the early 90s, Mark Eitzel's former band American Music Club were still largely unknown outside of a small, but fiercely loyal following. The music press on this side of the Atlantic began to take notice when in 1991, a live CD recorded in London was released to some unusually emotive reviews. Eitzel had an almost poetic eye for detail in his lyrics, which regularly chronicled the misadventures of dropouts and drunks and reached great moments of both wit and clarity. The music swung unerringly between rock, folk and country and back again. Despite brief popularity, the band separated in 1994, with their frontman pursuing a solo career with many moments that have equaled the heights of AMC.

Unlike some former 80s greats who have shown a stubborn refusal to follow any kind of trends that current music takes (Morrissey springs to mind), Eitzel's musical range has been as wide as it has been impressive.

Standing on a Beach

Embracing new production techniques and electronic music, The Invisible Man was superb, for what was essentially a change in genre. His latest release, Music for Courage and Confidence is a covers album, where he takes on everybody from Kris Kristofferson and Billie Holiday to Boy George and Curtis Mayfield. If you tend to laugh at the idea of a fortysomething white man singing Move On Up, then Mark Eitzel might just be a rare treat for you.

CONNECT 4 ORCHESTRA ALBUM LAUNCH

FRIDAY 15 NOVEMBER
WHELANS €8

About a year ago, the Connect Four Orchestra were one of the better indie bands in Dublin, up there with the like-minded Redneck Manifesto and Jimmy Cake (although those two bands tended to rock out more often than the C4O). Unfortunately, while those two bands have continued to develop their sound, the C4O seems stuck in a rut, making almost exactly the same type of music now as they did then. Granted, it's still good stuff, but we've heard it before. So if you've never seen them before, this album launch gig might be worth your while. Otherwise, be prepared for a night of gimmicky instrument-swapping and the same-old same-old.

DEF JUX NIGHT FEATURING EL P, MR LIF AND RDJ2

SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
POD €15

Now that electro pop has totally vanished up its own bunghole after about five seconds and rock has decided to recycle the 70s and 80s, leftfield hip-hop is currently one of the few areas in popular music that seems to have any interest in remaining cutting edge. This is due largely to the boundary-pushing efforts of labels like Def Jux. Although mainstream hip hop opinion would tell you otherwise, this gig (featuring three of the label's main players) is easily one of the best shows of the month. Label founder El-P has brought a level of punk sensibility to the genre which hasn't been seen since the glory days of Public Enemy; RJD2 is easily one of the best producer/DJs in the business, right up there with Boom Bip and DJ Shadow; and Mr. Lif is an MC well worth checking out.

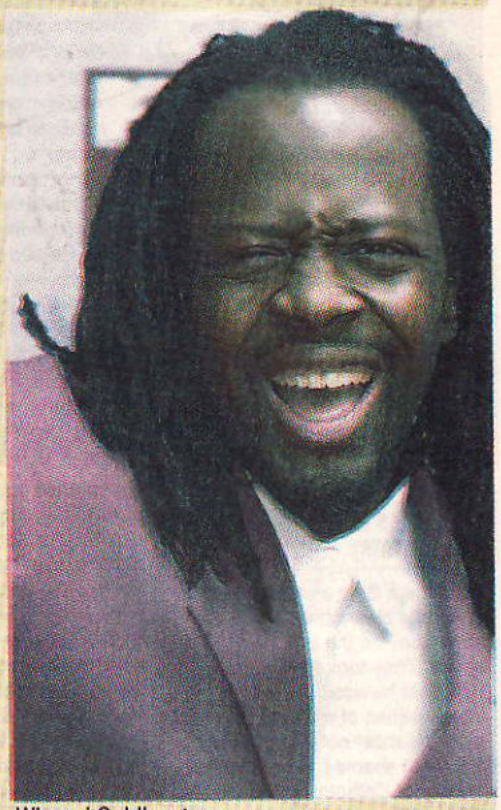
Get out of that garden

Wyclef Mozart - the real life Meistermind of Rap

WYCLEF JEAN

SUNDAY 17 NOVEMBER
AMBASSAOR ETBC

AS THE pubicity monster roars into action for this latest Witnness gig, the PR whores have been falling over themselves trying to find ways to bringing their profession to new lows. And this time they've outdone themselves. Check out what they've managed to say about the anodyne, irritating Wyclef Jean: "Wyclef is known as the hip hop amadeus and meister of musical diversity," apparently. "He pioneered a production style that became virtually unavoidable throughout the 90s: real life street hip hop seasoned with a radio-friendly musical, lyrical and vocal sophistication". Even the prick himself would be embarrassed to read all that. They did get one thing right, however - for a while the cunt was everywhere. When the Fugees burst on the scene with the fantastic Fugee La everybody wanted a piece of them. However, it became quickly apparent that Lauren Hill was the only one with any talent and our little friend, the Mozart of rap revealed himself to be a diabolical shithead capable of producing nothing but chart friendly hits for himself and other people like Santana and Whitney Houston. Wyclef's MTV-compatible crap sounds sanitised and suitable for putting on when you have to leave your senile aunt alone for a while - thus it was massively popular and sold by the shedload. This is going to be shite, go nowhere near it.



Whoopi Goldberg

NEW BOMB TURKS

SATURDAY 16 NOVEMBER
WHELANS €TBC

In 1993, despite the best efforts of labels like Dischord and Epitaph, US hardcore punk was effectively dead. Then, out of Columbus, Ohio, these four lads with English degrees blasted onto the scene with the brilliant album Destroy-Oh-Boy! The New Bomb Turks were loud, fast and snotty, and had a side-splitting sense of humour completely lacking in hardcore survivors like Fugazi and Bad Religion. Since then, the Turks have tempered and smoothed out their sound a bit, but they've largely stayed with their original blueprint. Maybe too much, as most of their songs sound the same nowadays, but, hey, if it ain't broke, don't fix it. If you go to this one, prepare to mosh your socks off.

BELA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES

MONDAY 18 NOVEMBER
WHELANS €17

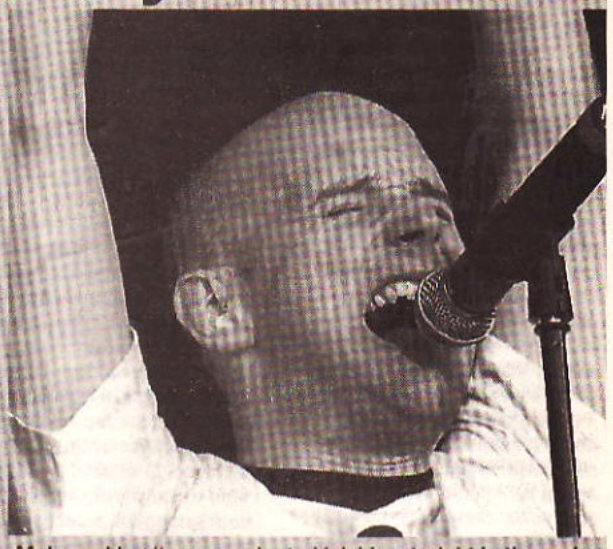
Despite his name, Bila Fleck is neither from some squalid Balkan province nor is he some obscure composer of self-indulgent avant-garde classical music. Far from it; as a youngster, the New Yorker was inspired by the theme song from `The Beverly Hillbillies' and became one of the world's best banjoists. But he's never limited himself to just bluegrass. He's also branched out into jazz, where his approach is much more Parker than Marsalis: Fleck's own term for his music is `blu-bop'. As one of the planet's top pickers, it's perhaps no surprise that Fleck's music can sound slick and mainstream, but there's no denying his chops, and this could be a treat for anyone with a soft spot for the sound of the banjo.

Rotating Ryan Adams

Moby Dick will make you sick

MOBY
SUNDAY 17 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE
€35.50/36.50/40.50

Moby's brand of unit-shifting, easy listening electronica needs no introduction. So it gets none. If you've been in a clothes shop or watched a commercial break in the last 3 years then you're probably already sick to the back teeth of it. As the acceptable face of dance music who helped bring house and techno to the non-pill munching masses in the early 90s, he has some history. But all you need to know is in the liner notes to his albums. He is (or was, until Play made him a millionaire) a celibate, a vegan and a pacifist. If you aren't of like mind then he respects your opinion and asks only that you respect his. He thinks he's covered every angle. But how about this one: You're a self-righteous little bastard Moby. Your music is as shit as your opinions are stupid. (Highly recommended to those of a sadistic bent is his online diary. Check out September 11th and its aftermath as the sanctimonious little shit slowly comes to terms with the fact that no one he knows has been killed.) Always eclectic, he returned this year with the Bowie-pastiche single We Are All Made Of Stars and the forgotten already album 18. Eminem really deserves a kick in the bollocks for choosing such an easy target.



Moby making it even easier to kick him straight in the nads

BLUE
MONDAY 18 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE €32

Londoners Blue emerged last year as a clear challenge to Irish hegemony on the boyband scene. They took the Smash Hits Best Newcomers award after a series of massive hit singles, the most notable of which (All Rise) seemed to namecheck the city of Compton but, sadly, didn't. That is perhaps an odd detail to single out, but in this age of streamlined, market-tested pop products, one 'male vocal harmony' act is pretty much indistinguishable from the next. Plus they're English, so the chances of bumping into one of them in a chipper and getting the opportunity to mete out violent justice upon his person is more remote. Which makes remembering the incriminating details kind of pointless. Still, for the more dedicated music vigilantes among you Blue play the Point on November 18th.

BADLY DRAWN BOY
WEDNESDAY 20 NOVEMBER & THURSDAY 21 NOVEMBER
OLYMPIA €26.50-€28.50

A maverick solo singer and musician who has used an eclectic variety of backing bands to bring his music to the live stage, Bolton ugly-bloke Damon Gough (a.k.a. Badly Drawn Boy) could be regarded as Britain's answer to Beck. Slackerish in appearance but with a prolific output of high quality EPs and albums, his live shows regularly run to longer than two and a half hours. After winning the Mercury prize with his debut album Hour Of The Bewilderbeast, Gough used the exposure to take a leap towards the mainstream, re-recording one album track Pissing In The Wind as Spitting In The Wind (featuring Joan Collins in the video) and allowing another (The Shining) be used in a Gap advert. He then accepted an offer to write and record the soundtrack to the recent Hugh Grant movie About A Boy - a risky undertaking he handled impressively well. Ahead of his latest album Have You Fed The Fish?, there are mutterings that Gough has lost his creative spontaneity, that the mainstream has sucked him dry. Judge for yourself as he returns to Ireland to play the Olympia this month.

RYAN ADAMS
WEDNESDAY 20 NOVEMBER
OLYMPIA €33.20/35.20/38.20

This chap's Ambassador gig last year must go down as one of the shortest Dublin performances in living memory - the stragglers were barely arriving as the Sweetheart Revolution returned for a short encore. And it was a pity, as Ryan Adams is one of the best and most versatile singer-songwriters around. Maybe this time around, without a band's wages to pay, he won't be so tight with his time. Since the demise of Whiskeytown in 1999 Adams has released three solo albums, including Demolition (reviewed last month). The consistently high quality of this output makes for an enviable repertoire from which to draw on tonight. We might even get to hear a couple of his near legendary Strokes covers if he arrives in the right humour. Support is from Jesse Malin, whose debut album The Fine Art Of Self Destruction is produced by Adams.

AN FEILE DUBH
FRIDAY 22 NOVEMBER & SATURDAY 23 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE PUB, DORSET ST €20

The goths of Dublin have sneaked up behind our backs and organised a dirty little festival down in some dodgy pub in Dorset St. And fair fucks to the white-faced, black-booted fashion disasters. Sure what else would they be doing that weekend except hanging around out of doors frightening cats and drinking white spirits? The event is being semi-modelled on Brit Goth-fests which are apparently very popular over there, and the organisers rationale is - why bother heading all the way over to England when you can do it here? The music will range through live goth, electro and gabba outfits and various combinations thereof as well as a healthy smattering of DJs. Included in the lineup are D:V:ANT, The Narcissus Pool, The Chaos Engine, Goteki, Katscan, Exitboy, R>D>X and some other cunts too, none of which we've heard of. If you have, you probably know all about them already and everybody else doesn't give a fuck so there's not much point in us saying anything more.

BRIAN KENNEDY
FRIDAY 22 NOVEMBER & SATURDAY 23 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE
€26.20/27.20/28.20

The Falls Road's most famous nancy boy, Brian Kennedy numbers both Bill Clinton and Van Morrison among his many fans. Kennedy was best known for his work with Morrison until A Better Man (1996) went four times platinum in Ireland on the back of exceptionally bland hit singles Love, Life and Happiness and Put The Message In The Box. Puzzled that his blend of George Michael and Daniel O'Donnell had not won him a single fan who was either male or under forty, Kennedy took a career break last year to spend eight months with Riverdance in New York's Carnegie Hall. He returns unfortunately this month to promote the anodyne Get On With Your Short Life.

Write about gigs for The Slate. Email us on gigs@theslate.ie if you are into it

DECAL
FRIDAY 22 NOVEMBER
WHELANS €TBC

On first glace this looks like a fucking bizarre gig. Dublin's sonic doodlers cum electro-terrorists Decal shacking up for the night with indie noisemakers The Redneck Manifesto. But pairing Decal up with the local rock 'n' roll flavour of the month makes more sense when you remember that Alan O'Boyle and Dennis Nulty have never severed their strong link with the extremes of alternative rock. Although they've made much and varied electronic music over nearly a decade, it's always carried the subtlest echo of their past in hardcore punk and blissed-out indie. The material for their live set tonight is most likely to be culled from recent album 404 Not Found, a guitar-based homage to mid-80s dronerock heroes like Galaxie 500. Their recent live gig at the Guinness Storehouse - as part of the DEAF festival - went down a stormer, and this should prove no different. Still, they might just decide to go mad and bash out hours of bad-ass muthafucking electro, risking the likelihood of being bottled by the fogeyish Whelans crowd.

J. MASCIS
SUNDAY 24 NOVEMBER
WHELANS €22.25

A man who played grunge when it was still called indie rock, Mascis - as the main force behind Dinosaur Jr - single-handedly re-introduced the monster guitar solo into the alternative charts. Having croaked his way through several noisy albums, released the great single Freak Scene and fired drummer Lou Barlow (who went on to form Sebadoh), he eventually disbanded Dinosaur Jr. and formed the Fog. With them he worked off the same template, doing little to broaden his sound but getting the critics all wet at the same time. Somewhat forbodingly for tonight, the only release to get panned was his 1996 solo acoustic album Martin and Me. It was a bizarre release featuring some Smiths covers as well as re-runs of songs like Start Choppin' and Thumb. Without the wonky guitar pyrotechnics, his sometimes weak lyrics and voice - think Neil Young on 40 Benson a day - nearly sank the ship, and this could happen tonight.

ALABAMA 3
MONDAY 25 NOVEMBER
VICAR ST €25

Dismissed by the UK music press as a novelty act, the Alabama 3 could well have withered away and returned to the rehab clinic where legend says they all met. But the band, who to this day still insist on speaking in a rich southern drawl, took their wares to the States where they found an audience, in no small part due to the use of 'I Woke Up This Morning' as the theme tune for the Sopranos. Mixing dance, gospel, rap and country, they are reputed to put on a manic stage show where their penchant for absurdity really shines. Central to the madness is Hank Williams obsessed Rob Spragg, who been known to stop the show during festivals to preach gospel to yoke fuelled audiences.

VIOLENT FEMMES
TUESDAY 26, WEDNESDAY 27, FRIDAY 30 & SATURDAY 31 NOVEMBER
VICAR ST €27

The Violent Femmes have been many things to many people. During a two decade career their lyrics have lurched from Gordon Gano's devout Baptist faith to nihilistic (and preumably completely useless) chat-up lines like "Come on girl, give me your cunt/ Cause I ain't had much to live for." This combination of complexity and crudeness is maybe what endeared them to successive generations of teens and turned their 1983 eponymous debut into a cult classic. That first release provided almost every song that anyone apart from fanatics will ever have heard by the band. As well as the somewhat over-rated Blister in the Sun, this debut demonstrated the band's great versatility - Brian Ritchie's almost ska-like xylophones turning Kiss Off into one of the band's best numbers, while Good Feeling (surprisingly left off the Add it Up compilation) is as good a ballad as you'll hear. Afterwards, the Femmes continued to knock out political vitriol and angsty whining in equal measure on albums like 3, The Hallowed Ground and the Blind Leading the Naked - even if the classics were coming a bit more slowly. Nevertheless, these lads should easily have enough in the back catalogue to put on a stormer tonight.

Free into the Ambassador all this month, courtesy of The Slate and MCD (partners). Just show this token at the door and ask for Denis Desmond if there's any hassle

Foo-k this Shite anyway

FOO FIGHTERS
WEDNESDAY 27 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE €33.50

Why can't you just Grohl over and die

Like Damien Duff bearing down on a defender, the popular appeal of Dave Grohl's Foo Fighters swerves, side-steps and completely escapes us. If Grohl's band were popular simply because he used to be in Nirvana, then the law of diminishing returns would have put paid to them long ago. In fact, as their headlining slot at Witnness this summer showed, the Foo Fighters have never been so popular.

Neither is their continuing success down to the fact that Grohl is one of the all time great rock drummers - he doesn't even play drums for this band. Instead he's frontman, singing and playing guitar with all of the magnetism and charisma of a drummer. His only distinctive trademark is the incredibly irritating camp comic persona he adopts for videos like Learn to Fly. Others may have revised their opinion of him as the 'grunge Ringo' but we haven't. The only conclusion is that people like Dave Grohl because he is, by all accounts, a decent guy. And if there's a shittier reason for supporting a band we've yet to hear it.

Until recently it looked as though the Foo Fighters might never make a follow-up to the Grammy winning There Is Nothing Left To Lose. Drummer Taylor Hawkins nearly died last year after an overdose of prescription drugs and, for much of this year, it looked as though Grohl might jump ship permanently to the Queen's Of The Stone Age. But the eagerly awaited One By One has been delivered as promised and it looks like we might be stuck with these crappy testosterone fuelled pop-rockers for some time to come.

FEMI KUTI
MONDAY 25 NOVEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE **E33**

There will be one phrase that this man will always hate the sight of: 'Son of Fela'. To the average Joe Dublin, the names Fela and Femi Kuti will mean absolutely fuck all, but they are the dons of afro-beat music. From the 60s onwards, Fela combined African rhythms with jazzy over-tones and the funk of James Brown creating a sound which would Africa on the modern music map. His son Femi played in Fela's monumentally successful band, and in 1997 his father's AIDS-related death saw him become - with more than a little help from MCA who were anxious to keep the profitable Kuti name in the limelight - his father's successor as one of the leading lights of world music. Fear not, though. London-born, Lagos-raised Femi is a fine musician in his own right, and albums such as Fight to Win and Femi Kuti are well worth having in your collection. If you have an interest in world music, you have no option but to get down to the Temple Theatre tonight.

SPARKLEHORSE
MONDAY 25 NOVEMBER
OLYMPIA **E24.50-E26.50**

Mark Linkous aka Sparklehorse has an image problem in his native U.S. He is seen as a redneck oddball, writing fucked up songs on his porch with a rifle by his side. Those same perceptions, deliberately nurtured by his record company over here, combined with endorsements from the likes of Radiohead and have brought him a sort of cult stardom in Europe. The sort that convinced the likes of PJ Harvey and Tom Waits to guest on his last album It's A Wonderful Life. Linkous' music is best listened to stoned or alone at 3am. A room full of people preoccupied with ringing to check back with the babysitter can kind of spoil the magic a little. But the opening bars of Some Day I Will Treat You Good should be enough to make it all worthwhile.

GORDON GANO (VIOLENT FEMMES)
WEDNESDAY 27 NOVEMBER
WHELANS **E18**

The Violent Femmes lead singer nips down to Whelans to play a solo show. Doubless there'll be plenty of whining.

RON SEXSMITH
THURSDAY 28 NOVEMBER
AMBASSADOR **E23.20**

Doing the rounds to promote his strangely-titled Cobblestone Runaway, Canadian song-man Ron Sexsmith makes a welcome return to these parts - albeit to the Ambassador, where poor acoustics and an ill positioned bar run the risk of detracting from what is set to be a pretty hushed affair. Initially famous for only being liked by celebrities, Sexsmith has, over 6 albums, peddled a brand of contemporary folk modeled on his idol Pete Seeger - except for a brief hiatus when he attempted to 'rock out' on the Steve Earle produced Blue Boy. The new material is a return to his fey roots and you can expect him to roll out a few classics from his back catalogue, such as the marvellous There's a Rhythm. Unlike the legendarily uncommunicative J Mascis - see elsewhere in gig listings - Sexsmith likes nothing better than a bit of banter with his audience, and always puts on a good show.

Will you be Parton with your hard earned cash to see this?

DOLLY PARTON
FRIDAY 29 NOVEMBER
POINT THEATRE **E55**

Dolly Parton is sometimes thought of as a complete joke, for a variety of reasons: those idiotic wigs; those massive tits; and her very own theme park, Dollyland - what was she thinking with that one? But stop for a minute and consider her musical talents and it's pretty obvious that she's one of the all-time great country artists. She's written or cowritten the majority of her material, she has amazing voice control (although her singing is admittedly shrill at times), and she's an excellent guitarist and banjoist. And admit it, as pop songs go, 9 to 5 is great - how many other tunes use a typewriter as part of their rhythm section? an expensive gig, but any self-respecting country music fan should seriously consider going.

Write for the Slate
email gigs@theslate.ie

Get on your bike and check these boys

BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB
SATURDAY 30 NOVEMBER
OLYMPIA **E28.20**

Pity the fools on Pop Idols. For all their talk about image and being a 'complete package', they will never get it as right as Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. BRMC steal their personae from a time when being in a band meant being in a gang. Looking moody, wearing leather jackets and insisting on only being photographed in dreary urban settings (preferably in black and white), it's possible to dismiss it all as some clever marketing ploy. The big difference is that they have the songs to back it up. Their album sounds like it was recorded in Lou Reed's garage and, perhaps more remarkably, they can take it to the stage without it seeming contrived. Live, they are tighter than a gnat's chaff, with highlights including the single Love Burns and the rocking Whatever Happened To My Rock'n'Roll? (Punk Song). The tracks themselves are pretty dark affairs, drawing as much on Joy Division or early Verve as their more obvious retro influences. Sure, its all been done before, all the songs sound the same, but discounting all that, you could do far worse tonight.

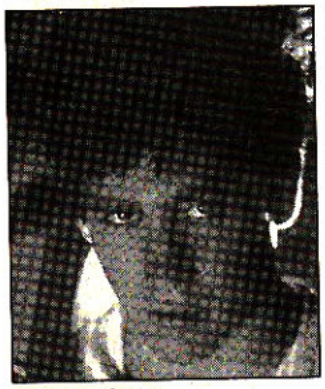
We've got the gayest name in history

Cinema

DONNIE DARKO

DIRECTOR: RICHARD KELLY
STARRING: JAKE GYLLENHAAL, DREW BARRYMORE

Don't go and see this American psychological thriller on less than a full tank because it pitches you right in at the deep end from the start. And more or less leaves you there until the end. A straight, bare version of the storyline goes as follows. Donnie Darko (Gyllenhaal) is a teenager living in Smallville, USA who has been diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia (the signs are already there that this film is not exactly Dude, Where's My Car?). He sees an imaginary friend who warns him about the imminent end of the world and some other visions compel him to learn about time travel. One night, a propeller from an unidentified aircraft falls on the family gaff, forcing them to move. During this time his visions intensify and even the presence of a new girlfriend (Jena Malone) is not enough to shake his conviction that the world is about to finish. Then, in the grand tradition of Fight Club or Sixth Sense, all is revealed at the end. It's a film with many flaws and confusions though. The acting is exceptional all the way through and the film really creates its own hypnotizing atmosphere. But it's about as easy to follow as the rules of Treasure Island and most characters are left underdeveloped. The ending is a classic 'what the fuck??' leaving the credibility of the plot wide open. But worst of all are the nods at postmodernism. Although the film is set in 1988, no one looks remotely 80s. There are some sub-Tarantino pop culture discussions. And the 'tribute' to E.T. is so transparently desperate it takes your breath away. Other than these, it's a decent enough nail-biter.



Darko as fucko

Pacino Si-moans about the movies

Pacino narrowly escapes being crushed between Simone's monstrous digital baps

SIMONE

DIRECTOR: ANDREW NICOL
STARRING: AL PACINO, RACHEL ROGERS

This is Al Pacino's second movie this year (Insomnia being the other) and once again, his limitations are savagely exposed. It seems that if he's not playing gangsters, we get (like here, as Viktor Taransky) a goofy New Yawk loser with Jewish overtones (the insider?).

Viktor is a washed up director who's producer/ex-wife Elaine (Christine Keener, dumbing down to fuck in this) has just sacked him and pulled the funding for his latest 'art' movie after the leading lady (Winona Ryder) walked out.

"Why can't it be about the film, not the stars?" he whines drunkenly. His answer comes when he's bequeathed a removable drive by a dead computer scientist who loved his movies. On the disk is the world's first completely programmable leading lady. Viktor finishes the film with this simulated star in place of the original diva-bitch and it's a massive hit. He's back on top - but it's all down to her. How does he keep it a secret?

Pacino has been treating this film like a crusade, doing a Robert Redford on it in all the pre-release interviews - celebrity culture, the star system blah blah. At best, Simone gently sends up some of the film industries worst excesses. At worst, it's a victim of them. In pre-publicity Pacino has been heard calling director Andrew Nicol "a visionary genius", and some other cunt in the film hailed it as "the best satire ever on the movie industry". In spite of wanting to be seen as an intelligent film, though, Simone often treats its audience like spas.

How, for instance, does Viktor - who early in the film claims to know nothing about computers - suddenly turn into Bill Gates and build himself a warehouse full of hi-tech super-gadgetry to edit his films? How is it that the paparazzi and news crews we've been led to believe are so relentless and devious in pursuit of the Simone exclusive can't negotiate one steel door? And what does Viktor use to infect his Frankenstein's monster with a virus? It appears to be a 5¼" floppy disc of the type not seen since 1989 or outside of Mayo schoolrooms. To top it all off, the ending makes Return Of The Jedi look credible. Ultimately, although it has a good heart, Simone's existence is a better satire on the movie industry than the film could hope to achieve.

BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE

DIRECTOR: MICHAEL MOORE

The word Columbine in America, like Omagh over here, is shorthand for tragedy. In 1999, two alienated students at Columbine High School, Denver opened fire on the entire school, killing 12, injuring many more and completely traumatising the local community. US satirist Michael Moore uses the shootings as a focal point for his smart documentary, which deservedly won a special jury prize at this year's Cannes festival. Out of the ashes of this attack, Bowling for Columbine aims a simple question at American society: 'why are we so violent?' The overall result is undeniably powerful and convincing but, being a documentary, the editing razorblade is the killer tool here. Moore often cuts an interview scene on one of his own deadpan one-liners, making him look - at all times - pretty cool. If you can indulge him this small vanity and have faith that his research and stats are kosher (this isn't hard - he's easier to trust than any politician in history), it's a great film. The argument for gun control gathers momentumthoughout the film. The judicious use of historical footage and alarming facts and figures is set against interviews with loony rednecks, preening TV news anchormen, bored bomb-making suburban teens and naturally, the survivors of Columbine, two of whom challenge on camera the giant corporation, K-Mart, whose ammunition remains lodged in their bodies. There are too many memorable scenes to list, but special mention has to go to the interview with America's favourite gun mascot, Charlton Heston who finally gets shown up for the trigger happy, racist old bastard we always knew he was. A brave and impeccably prepared eye opener.

HALLOWEEN RESURRECTION

DIRECTOR: RICK ROSENTHAL
STARRING: JAMIE LEE CURTIS, BUSTA RHYMES, TYRA BANKS

Six people are to spend Halloween night in Michael Myer's childhood home, broadcast live on the internet. An utterly artless assault on the intellect is the result. There is not a single scary moment, nothing that even remotely puts the fear in you. Attempts to create tension run no further than doors slamming or bimbos screaming for no reason. Screenplay and dialogue are laughably useless, the plot is about as strong as a nun's curse and the actors are imbecility personified.

The only possible excuse to go and see this shit is to witness Busta Rhymes' ongoing actorial humiliation. Even his name wasn't spared the boos and curses as the closing credits ran. This is an incompetent disgrace that doesn't deserve to be called a film, dragging down the good name of Halloween in the process. With My Little Eye in cinemas simultaneously, hopefully Halloween Resurrection will be dead and buried asap. Put the donkey in the coffin and nail it up to fuck.

CHANGING LANES

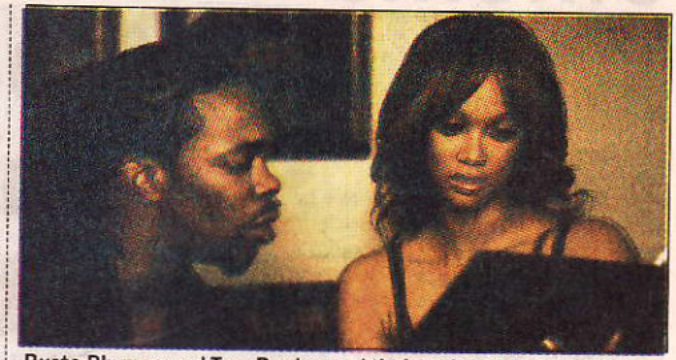
DIRECTOR: ROGER MITCHELL
STARRING: BEN AFFLECK, SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Changing Lanes is set on a rainy Manhattan day, but rising Wall St. lawyer Gavin Banek (played by Ben Affleck) is in a triumphant frame of mind. He is on the way to close a major court case for his firm when he crashes into Doyle Gipson (played by Samuel L. Jackson) and writes off the latter's car.

Gipson is a downtrodden black alcoholic who works hard at the low-end of an insurance company and is desperately striving to keep his estranged family in New York. He is making his way to the same courthouse as Banek in slightly less vibrant humour. His wife has charged him with incompetence and today a judge will decide whether or not he gets to hold on to his kids. In true yuppie fashion, Banek offers no apologies after destroying Gipson's car, driving on without giving him a lift.

Due to Gipson's no-show he loses the case and his kids. This makes him very angry with the little turd, so it's unfortunate for Banek that he left a document vital to the closing of his case at the crash scene. And guess who has it?

The ending is both unconvincing and pretty much signposted right from the very beginning, yet overall Changing Lanes has a well-developed style of screenplay. By the time Banek and Gipson have collided, you have a fairly well established idea of both men and what their issues are. So despite an unrealistic, cartoon-y plot, it's a surprisingly tolerable venture.



Busta Rhymes and Tyra Banks read their script with some dismay

Mor-vern meets the eye to this Scottish miseryfest

MORVERN CALLAR

DIRECTOR: LYNNE RAMSAY
STARRING: SAMANTHA MORTON

Based on Alan Warner's novel of the same name, Morvern Callar is set in a dingy rural Scottish town where all the young people seem to work in a depressing supermarket. Their only release at the weekend is going to gaff-parties, getting yoked up to the eyeballs, drinking heavily and trying to get each other pregnant. This is the backdrop for the extraordinary adventure of Morvern Callar (Samantha Morton), an eccentric young London girl fostered in Scotland and now stranded there since her foster mother died.

Morvern wakes up one Christmas morning in her boyfriend's flat to find his dead body, wrists slashed, beside her. He left her some money for his funeral, some Christmas presents and, crucially, his novel on a computer disc, to be sent away to publishing houses. Telling no one about his death, Morvern decides after a few days to do the right thing - chop his body into small pieces, bury it in the highlands and spend his money on a Spanish package holiday for her and her mate. Oh, and change the name on the novel to hers and send it away.

Predictably, the first publishing house gets in touch while she's in Spain and signs her up for a hundred grand. That, as far as storyline goes, is that. Movrern Callar is essential a youth movie dressed up as arthouse. There's plenty of drugged-up hedonism, dead end sex and post-rave nihilism. Morvern does a lot of staring at nothing and putting out fags. We never learn whether she's lucky, cunning or simple. If all this sounds like your bag, go and see it.

Where's me stash?

RABBITPROOF FENCE

DIRECTOR: PHILIP NOYCE
STARRING: KENNETH BRANNAGH

The colonial Brits' tolerance for the customs and societies of the countries they annexed could safely be considered less than zero. But one native group copped it more viciously than most from the bastards and that was the Australian Aborigines. Rabbitproof Fence addresses this head-on. A true story, set in interwar Oz, of three 'half-caste' (white/ Aborigine) girls' escape from the Moore River Native Settlement and 1400 mile flight back to their home.

This Native Settlement kip was a government institution built to forcibly incarcerate mixed race children and 'breed the colour out of them' over three or four generations. Molly Craig (Everlyn Sampi), her sister and her cousin were separated from their mothers and brought there at the behest of the Chief Protector Of Aborigines, A.O. Neville (convincingly played by potato-head luvvie Kenneth Brannagh). Short version: they get the fuck out, and follow the rabbitproof fence that dissects the country all the way home to Ma, outwitting both Neville and the local spas of police.

As a film, it succeeds in leaving you with nothing but contempt for the misguided shitheads who tried their best to impose ridiculous religious and social codes on people that were grand the way they were. Unfortunately it seems destined to be overshadowed by the far more hard-hitting Magdelene Sisters currently showing. Still worth seeing.

A WEEKEND OF DOCUMENTARIES? GREAT!

STRANGER THAN FICTION

IRISH FILM CENTRE
THURSDAY 7 - SUNDAY 10 NOVEMBER

Much of the attention for this international documentary festival will probably be focused on Fellini: A Born Liar (Thursday 7 November at 7.30). This grandiose tribute to celebrated Italian director and flamboyant old bender Federico Fellini will have its Irish premiere graced by both director Damien Pettigrew .

Elsewhere, Hoover Street Revival (Friday 8 November at 8.40) takes a look inside the Greater Bethany Community Church - an oasis of religion located in the middle of ghetto number one, South Central LA. Keeping the Irish side up is a gentle look at one of the curiosities of the Irish media - Ireland's Own magazine. The documentary of the same name interviews editors past and present, loyal readers and now famous contributors like Maeve Binchy to form a portrait of this archaic but strangely comforting weekly mag for pensioners and members of Youth Defence. One of the festival highlights is The Game Of Their Lives, (* November **) an inspiring film about the North Korean soccer team who shocked the 1966 World Cup by knocking Italy out. Writer/director Daniel Gordon's crew were the first to be let into this bonkers communist country with cameras to speak to the former teammates. Cheer as the little lads with odds of 1002/1 beat an arrogant and lazy Italian side. Boo as Portugal and Eusebio tank them five-three in the following match.

As part of the festival, Irish documentary makers will also be given a chance to meet with UK and European commissioning editors to try and convince them that their study of bodhran makers in The Burren is a go-project.

The North Korean team line up to be shot after losing to Portugal

K19: THE WIDOWMAKER

DIRECTOR: KATHERYN BIGELOW
STARRING: LIAM NEESON, HARRISON FORD

Ladies, beware! This film is a widowmaker. Send your man to see it alone and he will die of tedium before the K19 submarine of the title even gets deep. K19 The Widowmaker is based on a true story of a uranium leak on a soviet sub. The sub earns its chilly nickname when ten men die before it's virgin journey - even the champagne bottle doesn't break at the launch ceremony. It's not good news. Worse still for captain Mikhail Polenin (Liam Neeson) is that, due to the sub's poor test performance, he's to be replaced by Alexei Vostrikov (Harrison Ford). This decision is not popular with the crew and a predictable power struggle gets underway for the rest of the film. Serious drama in the film, however, doesn't kick in until the second hour. Captain Ford goes on a ridiculous mission to test the limits of his vessel and crew with drill after drill. Much to Polenin's annoyance, he brings the sub to near crush depth - 300 metres - just to see if his men and machine are hardcore. Such unrealism and fake tension isn't interesting so, by the time the radiation threat arises you don't really care. The over-reliance on Das Boot-style claustrophobia doesn't help. Then the inevitable Neeson versus Ford in a one-room showdown gets an unhealthy shoveling of fraternal seaman morality, and suffers suffocation as a result. In the end, this film is about as convincing as its dodgy Ruskie accents.

ANITA AND ME

DIRECTOR: METIN HUSSEYIN
STARRING: SANJEEV BHASKAR, KATHY BURKE

Two periods of significance and turbulence in the history of Asian immigrants to England come up again and again. One is the original migration period of the mid to late 50s - which nobody bothers their arse making books, films or telly programs about. The other is when those original migrants began to spring teenagers - circa 1972. This Morrissey-esque era of Bengalis in platforms has provided great raw material for those teenagers and their artistic endeavours, with the award-winning film East is East being particularly successful. Where East is East concentrated on the teen male experience of being Asian in Britain in the 70s, Anita and Me (based on the book by Goodness Gracious Me's Meera Syal) goes girly. Meena (Chandeep Upall) is a bored and alienated 12 year old in her West Midlands town where hers is the only Asian family until she meets Anita (Anna Brewster), who at 14, blonde and beautiful, is everything Meena aspires to. When they get together, it's trouble. While not in the same class as East is East, Anita and Me is a touching but unsentimental snapshot of a period in time which was probably utter hell for all concerned but which has tended to be viewed nostalgically of late.

How do we get out of this movie? I'm bored shitless

Prove your worth to Ireland and humanity by writing for our cinema section. email arts@theslate.ie

JIMMY CAKE
DUBLIN GONE, ALL DEAD

The title of this album may sound like one of the warnings made by political campaigners about the dire consequences of rejecting/accepting the Nice Treaty. But there is nothing overstated about the Jimmy Cake's growing reputation as one of Dublin's best and most original bands. The group, named after a Swedish dessert (the recipe for which is thoughtfully included on their website), is composed of nine members with no leader and no vocalist. Their songs are therefore mostly semi-improvised and liable to go on tangents in literally any direction at a moment's notice. The follow-up to Brains, 'Dublin Gone...' kicks off with a devestating 10-minute version of their debut single The Opposite Of Addiction which pretty much sets the tone for the album. Track four, The Width Of The Black sounds like the James Bond theme being beaten to death in a prolonged struggle with Led Zepplin. Elsewhere there are quiet accoustic numbers and rousing session workouts. Sprawling and ramshackle, Dublin Gone is somewhat like a rootsy take on Mogwai's Rock Action. Recommended.

THE DATSUNS
THE DATSUNS

A new alternative rock aristocracy is emerging and bands without a 'The' in their names are starting to sweat. The NME will have coined a ludicrously contrived name for it all by Christmas. The Strokes and the White Stripes are already lined up as the Beatles and the Stones of this as yet unnamed scene, and now with this album the Datsuns stake their claim for a place at its top table. The Kiwis' influences (AC/DC and Thin Lizzy to judge by the riffs) go a lot closer to the true spirit of the 70s than is usually considered decent, but their attitude, dress code, and Detroit connections are made to measure. There are some fantastic moments on this album - the single In Love in particular (where Carrie and Marcie Von Bondie make the singalong chorus sound like the Sesame Street kids grown-up and smacked-out) and At Your Touch (the next single unless they are completely insane.) But in contrast to, say, The Vines' infinitely superior Highly Evolved there are no moments of stoned relief - just a succession of stillborn attempts at repeating the same trick. Like the D4's 6Twenty, this is an album that you could put on at a party without getting glassed. But after ten tracks it's a DeLorean and not a Datsun that you'll want, to take you back to the 21st century and away from that bloody racket.

No retro

Whiter Shade of Ladder

DAVID GRAY
A NEW DAY AT DAWN

Although four years have passed since his last album, A New Day At Midnight boasts less stylistic development than any record in David Gray's career. From the brooding opener (Dead In The Water) onwards, this is clearly White Ladder Mk 2. Lestyn Polson's beats and loops strut a little more confidently but the songs are still unmistakably the work of one man and his acoustic guitar - even when that guitar is not to be heard. Given that the Welshman built up his huge support base on an almost fan-by-fan basis, over nearly a decade's slog, he would of course have been a fool to do otherwise. It is ridiculous nevertheless to picture him, faced with sudden unimaginable wealth and acclaim, retreating to his hotel room to scribble "So right now/ So right now / So right".

Encouragingly, the songs where he does experiment slightly are arguably the best on the album: the Tim Buckley-ish December leads into Be Mine which, despite featuring the most pedestrian lyric he's ever written, has a refreshing emotional directness and no little charm.

Hard work rather than inspiration or outstanding talent has been the backbone of Gray's success to date. But the songs desert him here. The seven minute centerpiece Freedom ("in a world that's lost it's meaning") is a microcosm of all that's wrong with this album - overlong, emotionally oblique and fucking boring. It will be a success, but A New Day At Midnight ultimately suggests that Gray is no more deserving of multiplatinum international stardom than he was of penniless obscurity.

Even through rose-tinted glasses, David's outlook on life was still totally boring

CONNECT 4 ORCHESTRA
CHISEL TO THE HIP

After a lengthy period plugging away on the Dublin live scene, this group of lads finally release a full length LP. Limited to a 1,000 copy pressing, the album was produced by Alan O'Boyle of Dublin electronica heads Decal, and reflects fairly well what this instrumental act are all about. Often compared to Irish acts The Jimmy Cake and the Redneck Manifesto, the C4O don't go for the theatrical experimentalism of the former or the intense aggression of the latter. Instead, their understated guitar based productions take a good while to unravel themselves, so if you've no patience, you can fuck off and buy something else. The album starts off gently enough, with plenty of chiming guitar action and complex arrangements before getting a little louder towards the end. While you can't fault their attention to detail, some of the melodies could do with a bit more immediacy, and perhaps the whole thing comes across as a bit too polite at times. Nonetheless, a good debut worthy of your collection.

SMOG
ACCUMULATION: NONE

As the principal member of Smog, and along with many of his labelmates at Domino Records, Chicago-based Bill Callahan ended up being classed as lo-fi. Normally, a record like Accumulation: None (it's a collection of singles and b-sides from the last ten years) would constitute an attempt to attract new fans. This hotch-potch, though contains much of

The Jimmy Cake up against the wall

the band's earlier and more raw material, and seems to aim more at bringing existing fans up to speed - many of the songs were only recorded on 7" and have been out of circulation for a while. There are two tracks recorded for the Peel Sessions and a new song, but the finest offering is the excellent I Break Horses, a favourite on No Disco during the mid-90s. Plenty of value here, but perhaps not for the first time listener.

BRENDAN BENSON
LAPALCO

Brendan Benson's second album (his first in six years) arrives with a press release that mentions his 'buddies' the White Stripes four times. Alas we've never heard of the man, and these days even our eighths arrive complete with plaudits from Jack White ("the most exciting hash of 2002!" etc.) So we tread carefully. But Lapalco is a revelation. Named after the main thoroughfare in his hometown Harvey, Louisiana, it's an album of whimsical but infectious pop, dreamed up by a guy with a guitar who refuses to get a proper job. Like Stephen Malkmus' kleptomaniac kid brother he helps himself to some of the best bits of Big Star (Life In The D), David Bowie (Eventually) and the Beatles (Jetlag, almost every song on here) and knocks them into something slight and occasionally twee, but endlessly enjoyable. If the wistful harmonies of Metarie ("I'd really like to see you every day / but I'm afraid of what my friends would say") don't convince you then, really, nothing will.

Good luck now. Slan abhaile

ROYAL TRUX
HAND OF GLORY

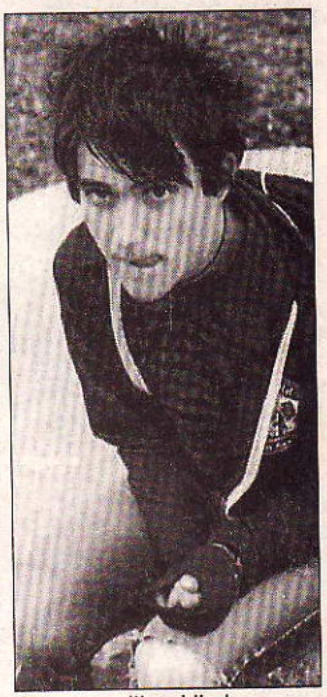
This record kicks of with twenty minute long Domo des Burros - a meandering, soothing kind of track with a naïve but inimitable RTX sound. But it's in the second and only other track on the album, The Boxing Story, where the true glory lies. Divided into five parts, this is one of the most complete compositions you are ever likely to hear, creating a sound Robert Christgau coined the term "skronk" for and described by many as "horrible noise". Trux call up tape machines, bottles, radios and a pump organ to create a cacophony that at times invokes John Cage's Variations II, Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music and the pair of them together on the Velvet Underground's Sister Ray.

V TWIN
THE BLUES IS A MINEFIELD

Although Glaswegian band V-Twin have released a string of singles over the last two years or so, this is their first long-player. Listening to the 1970s New York punk guitars, you can't help but feel that they should have released it a lot sooner. The moment for raucous guitar music influenced by the likes of the Stooges and MC5 has already been seized by the likes of the Strokes, the Hives and Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. In the midst of these bands who bear the audacious claim to be 'saving rock and roll', V-Twin are unlikely to make much of an impact, despite showing a greater range than many of them. While several of the tracks on The Blues is a Minefield are standard 70s shitkickers, there are departures from that norm - Despot Blues is a paranoid ramble not unlike Mark E Smith at his most articulate, and The Emperor is Dead (Long Live the Emperor) is a slow burner backed by screeching, jazzy horns. This is where they seem to be most effective, and with a follow-up record already made with avant-garde Scots jazzman Bill Wells, it might be a direction they intend to take.

BRIGHT EYES
LIFTED OR THE STORY IS IN THE SOIL, KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND

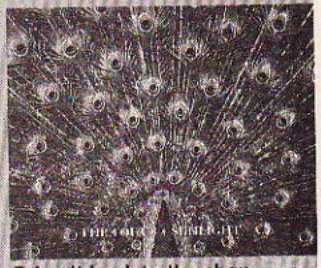
Nebraskan youngster Conor Oberst has been making records since he was 14, but this is his magnum opus, taking in everything from skewed country ballads to huge-sounding pop epics. It would sound crap in the hands of lesser songwriters like overrated country whiners Will Oldham or Lambchop, but Oberst is in a different league. Things begin unpromisingly with a few minutes of random street noises, before we hear what sounds like Ryan Adams yelping from a ditch after a gallon of whiskey. Not pleasant sound but there's a good song under there somewhere. What follows is edgy, Smiths-like rock, downbeat blues and a handful of beautifully crafted melodic songs. He's got lyrics pouring out like a young, pissed off Springsteen backed by Pavement. It's a shame he's included a couple of the less focussed, over-produced efforts, and he should cut out the shouty bits that he does to remind you that he means it. Otherwise well worth checking out.



Stop or you'll go blind

SINGLE OF THE MONTH

THE 4 OF US
SUNLIGHT



Bring it back to the shop

"Everytime I try to find it, it falls / out of my hands" sings Brendan Murphy, cunningly using his failure to come up with a melody for this song as fodder for its lyrics. Yet another shitty single from a band who are masters of the art. This release is notable only for the sleeve which is an exact replica of the cover of the Bluetones debut album - surely the first time the Bluetones have been ripped off by anyone but street criminals.

Of the B-Sides, the Beatles' Blackbird is the first casualty. We get a pretty faithful rendition of McCartney's drippy ballad until the chorus comes around and Murphy either a) forgets how it goes, or b) reinterprets it pathetically badly. By the time it gets to the acoustic reprise of She Hits Me one can only bemoan the fact that the woman in question does not have a firmer grounding in the deadly arts. The trick, madam, is to use a large stick and keep at it until he stops twitching.